TRUE WEST

NON-FICTION

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

December, 1966

35¢

The INDESTRUCTIBLE JOHNNIE MULLENS
By WALT COBURN

THIS ONE'S ON THE HOUSE, BOYS!
— AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF THE FRONTIER SALOON —
By WILLIAM B. SECREST

The OIL RUSH WILD WEST
By BILL BURCHARDT

- A COMPLETE WIPE-OUT
- THE DEAD OF BRADSHAW CITY
- OLD-TIME MEDICINE MEN By BILL JUDGE
- TWENTY YEARS AMONG OUR HOSTILE INDIANS

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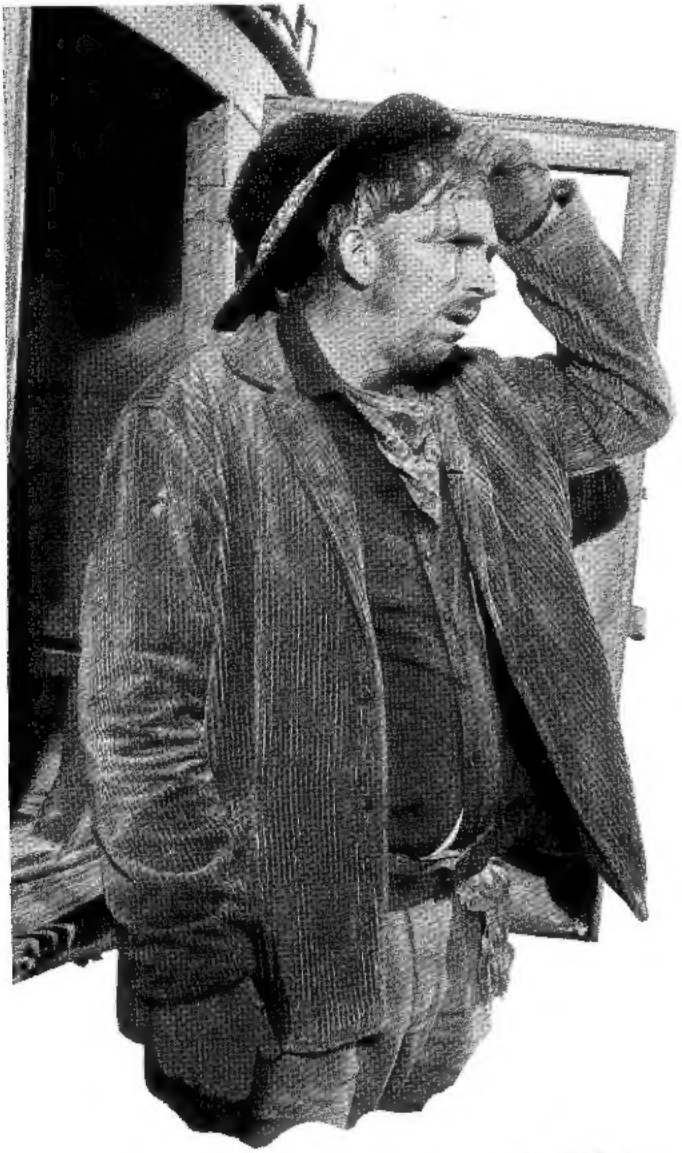

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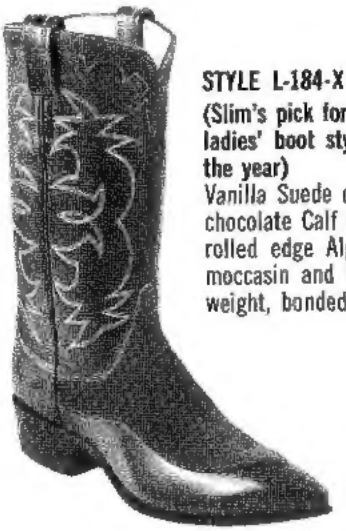

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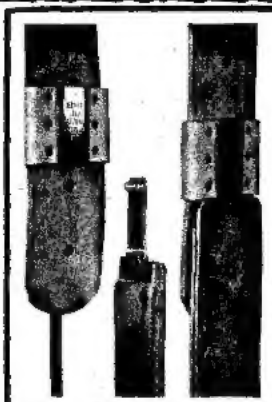

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November-December, 1966

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Whole No. 78

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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In This Issue—

YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT! 4

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE JOHNNIE MULLENS ..... By Walt Coburn 6

THIS ONE'S ON THE HOUSE, BOYS! ..... By William B. Secrest 10

A COMPLETE WIPE-OUT ..... By Neil Rounds 16

FRANK WOOLLEY'S LAST JOURNEY ..... By John Westbrook 19

MIRACLES OF OLD-TIME MEDICINE MEN ..... By Bill Judge 20

PAT LYNCH, HERMIT ..... By Agnes M. Pharo 23

WHO KILLED BOB McCOY? ..... By Dorothy G. Milek 24

THE DEAD OF BRADSHAW CITY ..... By Thomas H. Barkdull 28

LEGEND OF THE CIRCLE G ..... By Dade Rayfield 30

THE NOBLE NOPALES ..... By Arizona Bob Kubista 33

THE OIL RUSH WILD WEST ..... By Bill Burchardt 34

GLORY DAYS OF THE FEED AND GRAIN SACKS .... By Theodore Brusha as told to Mary Alice Brusha 39

PAI PAI DECEIT .... By Charles Bishop as told to Roberta M. Starry 40

TWENTY YEARS AMONG OUR HOSTILE INDIANS ..... By J. Lee Humfreville 42

WILD OLD DAYS 44

TRULY WESTERN 48

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 58

TUMBLEWEEDS ..... By Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: Gene Shortridge

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604 — **Christmas Gift**—Merry Christmas! May the Coming Year Bring You Every Happiness—Artist, H. Goodwine

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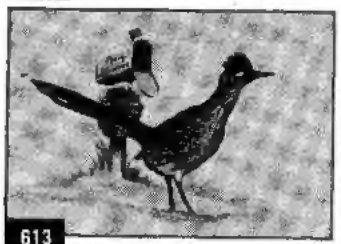

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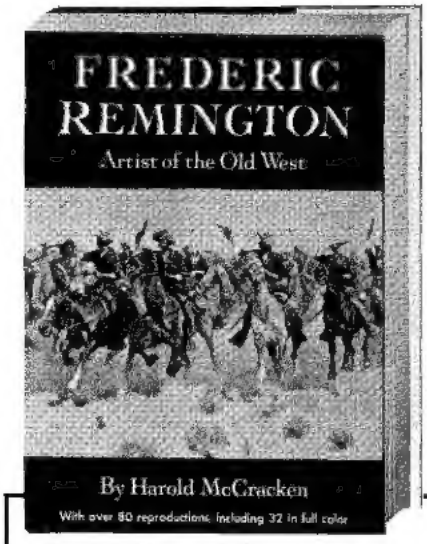

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WE HAVE DECIDED to offer these prints as bonuses on Christmas gift subscriptions. We may run out because this is the best Christmas offer we have ever made. If we do, we'll get those presses rolling again if it costs us our hunkuses! We are offering two prints (which sell at $1 each) with each gift subscription. You may even extend your own subscription—a $6 value for $4. The more subscriptions you send out (and you can include your own—renewal or extension), then the more value received per dollar expended, of course. In short, if you send out six gift subscriptions, that will entitle you to the whole set and, by golly, that's quite a bargain! Incidentally, if you can't use all of the prints yourself, they make nice Christmas gifts.

DON'T FORGET OUR BOYS IN UNIFORM! They are stationed all over the world and it's hard to get the magazines they want in those outposts. We sent 1,000 copies recently to Viet Nam as a gift to the boys, as well as a number of subscription gifts— and you ought to read those letters! You would think that we had sent them their parents on an all-expense visit, their girl from back home, or maybe just a month's furlough with all expenses paid! Funny what a little thing like sending a magazine, or a gift subscription, will do! They need reading material *badly* in those lonely, far places throughout the world. So, if you don't send our magazines—send somebody else's!

That's enough for this time. Here's wishes for a healthful and happy Holiday Season—and, again, remember the wise words of the old Chinese philosopher, Chung Lo-Hung—keep your hocks clean and, by the beard of the prophets, do not step on a whooping crane!—Hosstail

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HEY FELLOWS!

LOOK WHAT I AM GETTING FOR CHRISTMAS - A NEW D-TEX DETECTOR

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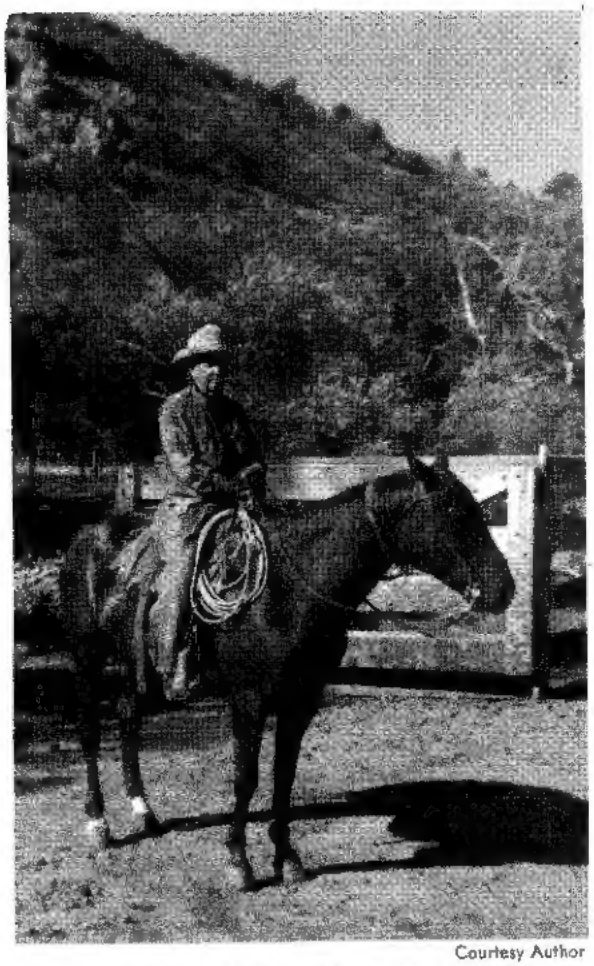
INDESTRUCTIBLE Johnnie

It is given to few men to read their own obituary notices in the papers. As Mark Twain remarked when he had a similar experience, "The news of my death has been slightly exaggerated." Johnnie Mullens felt the same way...

By WALT COBURN



Courtesy Author

Johnnie Mullens, at age 81, sits tall in the saddle at the ORO Ranch near Prescott, Arizona.

UNDER the dateline of June 23, 1934, the following Associated Press news item was flashed over the wires from Reno, Nevada:

JOHN MULLINS KILLED IN AUTO MISHAP!

John Mullins, 40, formerly of Bozeman, Montana, died here today from injuries received when he was struck by an automobile at Wadsworth, 30 miles from Reno, last night.

Mullins, who had resided at Wadsworth for the last two years, was struck while he was crossing a highway running through town by an automobile driven by Arthur Downs, Fallon, Nevada. Mullins received a fractured skull and other injuries and never regained consciousness. He was brought to a hospital where he died.

Within twelve hours every newspaper in the United States, Canada and Mexico printed the tragic news of the death of Johnnie Mullens, known nationally and internationally as the greatest rodeo arena director in the world. (The AP News had misspelled the name Mullins.)

Johnnie Mullens, well known rodeo contestant, had served as arena director and furnished the livestock for the famous Tex Rickard Madison Square Garden Rodeo in New York City from 1924 to 1930. He became arena director for the Calgary Stampede in 1912, to put Calgary on the map as holding the first great rodeo in the world, and he held that job from 1912 until 1917. He was arena director of the Philadelphia Rodeo, and in Montana he was arena boss at the Bozeman, Deer Lodge, Livingston and Butte Rodeos. He also managed the rodeo arena at Couer d' Alene, Idaho; Kansas City, Missouri; Silver City, New Mexico; Tucson, Arizona; and many others throughout the country.

As a bronc rider and roper Johnnie Mullens contested in every large rodeo from Canada to Mexico City. He once worked with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and Miller Brothers' 101 Wild West Show. He handled the famous Ringling string of bucking horses and rodeo stock.

The name of Johnnie Mullens was a by-word in the rodeo world. As a boy and youth he punched cows for the biggest cattle spreads from the Indian Territory and New Mexico to Montana, the Dakotas and Alberta, Canada. Owners of the biggest cow outfits in the United States, Mexico and Canada, knew and liked the smiling, good-natured top bronc rider and cowhand. Every rodeo contestant worthy of the name called Johnnie Mullens his friend.

News of his untimely death spread throughout the West like a prairie fire driven by a strong wind. Cowtowns without newspapers or telegraph or telephone service heard the news by word of mouth. Even on remote cattle ranches the report of his death somehow reached the distant cow camps. And for those who called him friend, the news carried an impact of shock, deep grief and sorrow.

Thus the tragic word of the death of Johnnie Mullens and the frantic search to locate Mrs. Mullens (the former Ruby Shepard of Bozeman, Montana) kept the telegraph wires hot from Reno to all compass points.

IN DUE TIME Ruby Mullens received the sad news at Silver City, New Mexico. She felt some degree of bewilderment. It must be somebody's idea of a practical joke, a misplaced sense of humor, she thought, because her husband had been very much alive half an hour before when she had left the rodeo grounds to return to their hotel room. Johnnie had been as busy as any arena director could be, staging the Annual Silver City rodeo.

That initial telegram from the Reno authorities was only the beginning of countless others from all over the country, offering condolences to the widow. And no man on the face of the earth was more bewildered, confused and puzzled than Johnnie Mullens himself during the next few days. Handling the arena was a full-time job requiring his undivided attention, and it was up to the Sheriff at Silver City to handle the horns of this strange and vexatious dilemma. Johnnie Mullens had roped his share of wild steers, but this was beyond his cowhand ability to handle. And the Sheriff of Silver City finally solved the mystery.

It seems that a man named Arthur Downs from Fallon, Nevada, on his way to Reno, had picked up a hitch-hiker who said his name was Johnnie Mullens, the noted rodeo promoter, and told a lot of convincing lies. As the Downs automobile crossed through the town of Wadsworth it was wrecked, and the hitchhiker passenger was fatally injured. He died in the Reno hospital without regaining consciousness, and Arthur Downs had identified his passenger as Johnnie Mullens. No kinfolks showed up to claim the body and the man was buried in Reno.

Within a week's time most of the newspapers had explained the mistaken identity, but there were a goodly number of friends, especially those cowpunchers in remote parts of the range of the Western cow country, who failed to get the news of the mistaken identity. For months and even a year or two after, old friends and rank strangers would come up to shake the hand of Johnnie Mullens like a long lost brother.

"Hell, I figured you long dead and planted, Johnnie!" While joshers like Breezy Cox and other rodeo cowboys referred to Johnnie's wife, Ruby, as "The Widder Mullens."

Mullens took it in his cowhand stride. Since he had been a kid riding his first bronc and doing his best to make a hand, violent death was no stranger. He had seen men killed in gunfights, bronc riders dragged to death, cowhands crippled or killed on the range, and it was all in a day's work for a forty-a-month cowpuncher. Every time a cowhand saddled a horse in the early dawn on a roundup, there was an element of danger, and the invisible shadow of death lurked throughout the long day. When he rode guard around a bedded herd of beef steers at night, there was the danger of being caught in a stampede.

But the thought of bad luck never entered a cowhand's mind, because it was that edge of danger that attracted and held a fascination for the reckless, give-a-damn Jones breed of mankind. In a bad tight when you tasted fear, you met it head-on with a grin because it was a test of a man's courage, and those with the

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Mullens

taint of cowardice were soon weeded out and banished from the wide open spaces where they did not belong.

EVER SINCE he was a short-legged pistol kid, Johnnie Mullens had been called "Urchin." Using the saddle strings to climb aboard his first cowpony he had his heart set on being a bronc rider. His love and understanding of horses was a part of his being, born within him and part of his nature. The Urchin had no fear of any horse that ever drew breath of life, and it was that total lack of fear and a born understanding of a green colt which made Johnnie Mullens, now eighty-two years old, one of the best bronc handlers of all time—the best in the consensus of many of the best judges of horseflesh and the men who handle broncs.

Johnnie first saw the light of day on August 27, 1884, in the little cowtown of Granbury, Texas. Johnnie's father died when he was eight years old. He headed for Indian Territory where an older brother was ramrodding a big cattle outfit, and it was there that the Urchin, as his brother called him, got his rudimentary training as a cowhand and bronc rider, and it goes without saying that the boy learned his cow savvy the hard way. The only kid around a cattle ranch or roundup was bound to get the many odd jobs an adult cowpuncher would not be bothered with, and it was up to the Urchin to make a hand wherever he was needed. And he did his level best. He was bound to have made his kid mistakes, but he never made that mistake a second time, and by the time he had reached early youth Johnnie Mullens was a top cowhand and one of the best bronc riders in Indian Territory. And that covered a lot of cow country.

As Johnnie gained a man's stature, he began growing restless. The spirit of adventure was steeped in his Irish blood, and his eyes had a longing to see new ranges that lay beyond the skyline. Johnnie had 'er made to be on his own, free as the breeze. He owned his own private horse and another good cow horse to

Courtesy Author

Johnnie Mullens at Bozeman, Montana, 1923

pack his tarp-covered roundup bed, and there was nothing to hold him from drifting yonderly.

Those were the good old days of unfenced ranges and big cow outfits, when a cowhand, leading his bed horse, could travel from the Canadian border to the Mexican line without opening a barbwire gate or passing through a lane.

Each state in the Western cow country had its share of cattle empires which were known by their brand names. The reputation of those big outfits from Texas to Montana was passed on by word of mouth by the drifting cowhands. Some of those drifters had traveled north with the big trail herds to winter in Montana and Wyoming and the Dakotas. Then when the warm Chinook wind in the spring melted the long winter snowdrifts and the green grass came, they drifted south, riding the grubline, staying at the big ranches overnight. When they liked the looks of an outfit, they hired out for the spring calf roundup, then moved on to another outfit to work the fall beef roundup.

Others, who disliked the long snowed-in winters of Montana and Wyoming would spend the winters in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and when the green grass came in the spring they would travel north to work on the roundups, then drift south when the snows came.

IN Indian Territory Johnnie Mullens had listened with both young ears cocked to the stories of those drifting cowhands, some of whom had worked for every big outfit along the old Chisholm Trail, and he knew the reputation of every outfit in the vast cow country. Some spreads had tough wagon bosses and foremen, but they had a large remuda of good cow horses. Other outfits had good wagon bosses and were easy to work for, but the grub was bad. If you didn't like beans, supper was over. Some outfits mounted a new hand on a sorry string of knotheads and pack horses, or spoiled broncs, and expected a man to make a hand. Or the wagon boss was ornery and took it out on a drifting cowpuncher hiring out for the first time, pouring it on to see how much the new hand would take before he bowed up and quit.

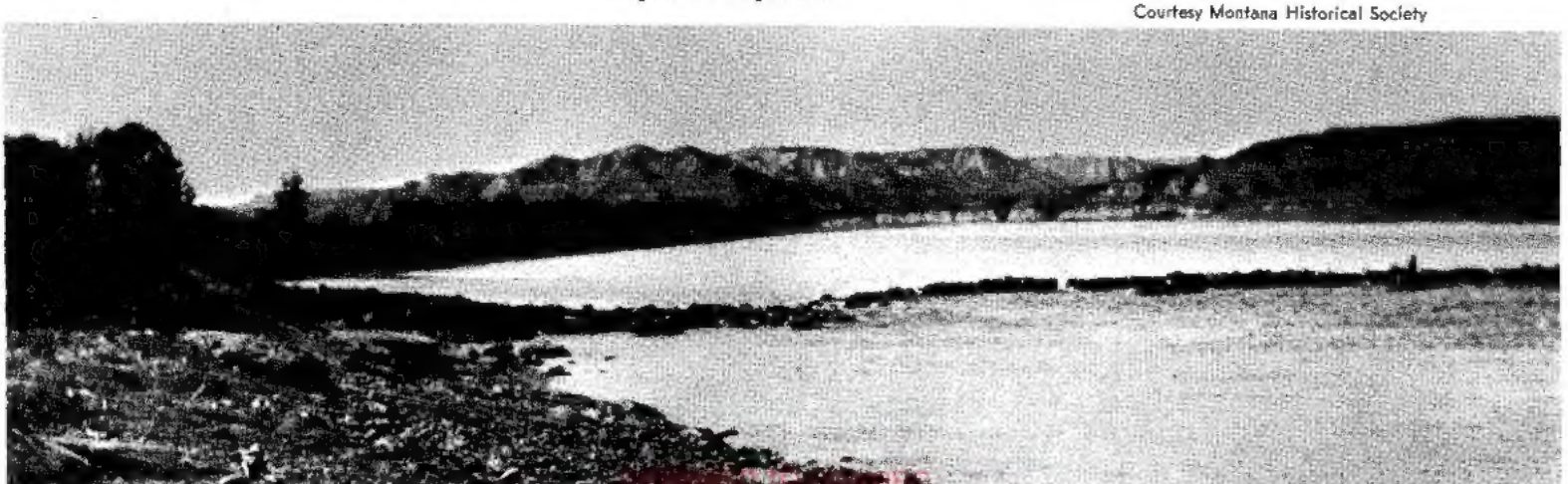
But what interested Johnnie most was the quality of the remuda. If he had a string of good horses he could get along with a tough wagon boss, providing he knew how to run a roundup and had cow savvy. Johnnie could make out on beans and beef and sourdough bread and coffee. He'd been raised on *frijoles* and jerky. Anything went as she laid, providing he wasn't afoot, forking a string of sorry horses.

Johnnie wasn't ready yet to spend a winter in the north, snowed in at a remote line camp, shoveling hay to weak cattle that needed feeding. Later on he'd drift north. Right now he was hankerin' to drift into New Mexico where he'd heard tell of the John Cross outfit, the Diamond A, and the JAL where they had big remudas of cutting horses that could turn on a dime and hand a man back a nickel change. Rope horses.

So Johnnie saddled up his private horse, loaded his roundup bed on his extra horse, and pulled out for New Mexico, to hire

XIT herd swimming the Yellowstone River near Fallon, Montana. Johnnie Mullens worked for this large cattle ranch in his early days as a cowpuncher.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society



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out as a bronc stomper. He worked for the John Cross, the JAL, and the Diamond A outfits for several years, riding broncs, roping wild steers, heeling calves and dragging them to the branding fire.

Then Johnnie began to get restless again. He'd kept an ear to the ground, listening to tall tales about bronc riders and good ropers winning money at the rodeos, more easy money than he could earn punching cows. It was in 1907 that Johnnie pulled out for Juarez, Mexico, to take in the three-day Cinco de Mayo celebration.

Long before the first cowboy contest for prizes or money took actual shape (Prescott, Arizona claiming to have had first cowboy contest on July 4, 1889 and Cheyenne, Wyoming disputing the claim, and Pecos in Texas claiming a prior date) it had long been the custom in Old Mexico to hold rodeos on certain fiesta days. It was claimed that those Mexican *vaqueros*, with the sixty-foot rawhide reatas, were the most skilled ropers on the North American Continent.

Often in Mexico at the end of the roundup season on the vast Spanish grants which comprised the bulk of the cattle industry south of the border, the best *vaqueros* would match their skill at steer roping and calf roping. No doubt that was the origin of the present day "rodeo." Its actual date remains unknown in Mexico where it originated with roping the only form of contest. It was much later that bronc riding was added, as well as bareback riding and bulldogging. To the best of my knowledge, it was the big Negro, Bill Pickett, who was the first man to bulldog a steer.

It was at this Cinco de Mayo celebration at Juarez, Mexico, that Johnnie got his first experience as a rodeo contestant, in 1907 at the age of twenty-three. He had at last found the sort of life which suited him in every way, shape and form. The nomadic life of a rodeo cowboy became the fulfillment of his boyhood dreams.

FOR ALL his love of high adventure and the restless strain in his blood, he was level-headed. A kid raised on a cow ranch acquired the wisdom of an old hand before he reached teen age. There was a sober, thrifty streak in Johnnie, too. He saved the best part of his wages. When he spent his hard-earned money, it went to pay for a green colt he could break and train for a cow horse, or a pair of made-to-order boots or a good Stetson hat, a suit of town clothes or a new saddle. Johnnie was always prideful about his appearance. He never gambled or drank much, though he always bought a round of drinks when it came his turn to treat.

Once he started as a rodeo hand, Johnnie traveled far and wide to contest where there was good money to be made. He followed the big time rodeo circuit and in the slack season he worked as a cowhand, or breaking out a string of broncs at ten dollars a head, or riding the rough string on roundups. He turned over his rough string when he had finished training them for all-around cow horses, rope horses, cutting horses.

During his bronc-riding days for the big outfits there was always the odd bronc that had a streak of outlaw which disqualified the gelding as ever being trained as a cow horse. Johnnie had horse savvy enough to sense that outlaw blood, and the condemned horses were sold for little or nothing as rodeo bucking stock. Johnnie decided to play a hunch. If a man were to buy those outlaw broncs for a give-away price and peddle them at a nominal profit to the rodeo promoters or the Wild West Shows, there was money to be made. Johnnie played his hunch and sold ten or fifteen head of outlaws at a crack.

He was following the rodeo circuit and punching cows during the slack season when he drifted into Calgary, Canada, in 1912. He knew every top cowboy contestant in the game. He was an excellent judge of bucking stock and steers for roping and bulldogging. He had managed a number of smaller rodeos which had made money. In short, he had a good reputation as a rodeo manager by the time he showed up in Calgary.

There was in existence in 1912 a small group of wealthy cattlemen in Alberta, Canada, known as the Big Four: namely George Lane; Pat Burns; C. E. Cross and A. J. McLean. They banded together to make the Calgary Stampede the world's finest rodeo, bar none, to put Calgary on the rodeo map for all time.

By unanimous vote Johnnie Mullens was chosen to handle all livestock for the Stampede, and to notify each and every champion rodeo contestant of the largest cash prizes ever to be paid. Mr. Lane took Johnnie to the bank with him, introducing him to the bank president.

"How much money have we in the bank," Mr. Lane asked, "that's earmarked for the Calgary Stampede?"

"One hundred thousand dollars," came the prompt reply.

"That's the jackpot, Johnnie," George Lane told him. "I want the saltiest bucking horses in the country and the rankest Mexican steers for roping and bulldogging and riding. In other words, what I want you to get is the best rodeo stock in the world, and all the world champions to enter the contests."

Later that day Mr. Lane called Johnnie and Guy Weadick into his office. Weadick, one of the best trick and fancy ropers in the country, having been with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show and the 101 Show with his trick roping act, was one of the rodeo directors.

"Johnnie," George Lane spoke bluntly, "you don't know a damn thing about office work. Your job is to handle all livestock. Guy, you don't know a damned thing about handling livestock, but you're the best showman in the country. I want you to handle the office work and the publicity, parade and so on." The cattleman was noted for his direct approach and outspoken methods.

It was up to Johnnie Mullens and Guy Weadick to make the Calgary Stampede the best and most elaborate rodeo the world had ever known.

THE PRIZE MONEY offered drew the world's best bronc riders and ropers from all parts of the United States and Canada. The rodeo stock was the best that money could buy. A group of colorful Mexican *vaqueros* in *charro* costumes, riding Mexican saddles and mounted on Spanish horses, put on trick and fancy roping acts. The Indian village was large and spectacular, with painted skin lodges and the men and women and children garbed in beaded, fringed buckskins. They came from the reservations, the men on horseback, the women riding the travois ponies. Squaws sold their handiwork to the white visitors—beaded buckskin shirts, leggings, moccasins, ornamental black buffalo horn hatracks.

The Indians made a colorful entry in the parade. A crack troop of red-coated North West Mounted Police, riding matched black horses, made another spectacular group. Solid wooden-wheeled Red River carts of the Metis, ox-teams, chuckwagons, kilted bagpipe players, bands, mounted cowboy contestants, and other entries made up a mile-long parade.

From the daily grand entry until the final entry ended in late afternoon, never

Left, Richard Ringling, White Sulphur Springs, Montana, 1923. Below, E. B. Burns up on Lightning, one of Richard Ringling's string of rodeo stock.

Courtesy Author

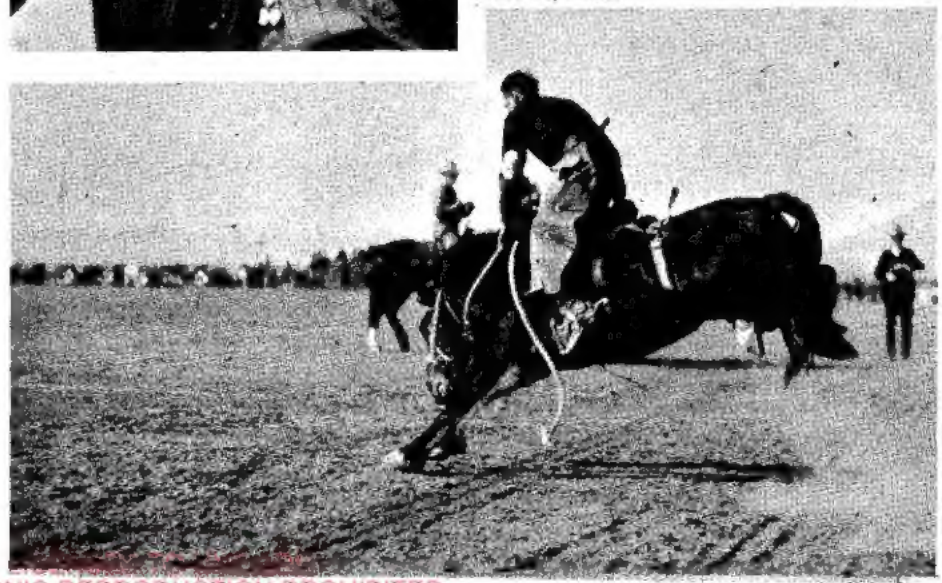

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Photo Courtesy Johnnie Mullens

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales (Duke of Windsor), center, was host to "The Big Four" cattle kings of Alberta at his E. P. Ranch, Pekisko, in 1923. L. to R.: Pat Burns of Calgary; George Lane of High River; the Duke; A. J. McLean of Calgary; A. E. Cross of Calgary

had there been anything to equal the cowboy contests. The Calgary Stampede of 1912 made rodeo history for all time, and it has maintained its status with high cash prizes throughout the years.

From 1912 through 1917 Johnnie Mullens continued as manager of the livestock for the Calgary Stampede, and from then on his services as rodeo arena manager were in great demand throughout the country. When Tex Rickard staged his spectacular World Series Rodeo at New York's Madison Square Garden, Johnnie was arena manager, and from the East to the West across the country he left his brand.

For many years Johnnie handled the famous string of bucking horses for Richard T. Ringling of Ringling Brothers Circus at Ringling's ranch at White Sulphur Springs, Montana, and when Richard Ringling died, Johnnie purchased his entire stock of bucking horses and wild steers, consisting of about ten carloads of the best rodeo stock in the United States.

Thus a young cowboy, who started from scratch in 1907 at Juarez, Mexico, as a rodeo contestant, had come up the hard way to become the world's greatest rodeo arena director, furnishing his own rodeo stock. In addition, Johnnie continued during those years as one of the top contestants in bronc riding and roping.

DURING Johnnie Mullens' years as a range cowhand, rodeo contestant and arena director, he came to know every cowboy contestant who ever paid entrance fees. His valued opinion on famous bucking horses and rodeo contestants is fair and unbiased and worth recording here.

Old Steamboat was the famous bucking horse of his time, his career lasting over a dozen long years at every rodeo in the country. Only one man ever made a qualified ride on Old Steamboat, and that man was Dick Stanley. And even that one qualified ride was disputed by some as being unfair to the famed bucking horse, for the day Stanley made his ride at Cheyenne it had been raining heavily and the arena was boggy with sticky gumbo mud.

Old Steamboat, as any old-time rodeo contestant will tell a green hand, was the daddy of them all. Easy to handle and deceptively mild mannered, he seldom wasted his stamina with any kind of ruckus while being saddled. For the most part Steamboat stood tracked until the bronc rider got set in the saddle, both feet in the stirrups. The horse was honest in that respect, giving the bronc rider a fair chance for his taw.

But when the bronc rider nodded he was all set, Steamboat turned it on full force. One or two or three jumps and it was Katie bar the door. Every jump Steamboat made snapped a rider's neck, and when he landed he jarred the bronc rider from head to foot.

Steamboat was billed as the main attraction of Dick Stanley's Wild West Show, with a standing offer of $100 for any man who could ride the famous bucking horse ten jumps. Many tried but no man ever got that hundred bucks.

The select string of outlaw bucking horses which Johnnie Mullens purchased from Richard Ringling were hand picked from the wild bunch, most of them tried out and ridden by Johnnie himself. Sometimes a newly purchased string of bucking horses would be taken to Deer Lodge, Montana, where the state prison is located, for the cowpuncher convicts to ride out. If they failed to ride a horse, that horse was considered a good bet as a bucker. As Johnnie put it, the convicts had nothing to lose and were eager and more than willing to tackle any outlaw bronc that ever wore hair.

Among the great bucking horses in the Ringling string of broncs were Prison Bars, Lightning, Ball Hornet, Snakes, and a mare named Miss Liberty, later renamed Miss Deer Lodge.

And as time went on, there were a hundred head of top grade bucking horses in the Mullens string. For a number of years Johnnie's wife, Ruby, shared the job of caring for those pampered, grain-fed bucking horses, gaining herself an envied reputation as a handler and judge of what it took to make a true outlaw bronc. Each one had its own individual characteristics. Some were easy to handle, others would kick and strike and bite, ornery in every way, shape and manner.

Montana-born and reared on a cow ranch, Ruby Mullens was at home in the arena. She was a trick roper, although she never competed in any rodeo. Her daughter, Colleen, was able to ride a horse from the time she began to toddle.

DURING the days when he was a rodeo contestant, Johnnie Mullens competed with some of the greatest ropers of all time: Clay McGonigal, Henry Grammer, Joe Gardner, Ed Echols, George Weir, Allison Carroll, Fred Beeson, and many others. As far as roping was concerned, Johnnie was rated among the top. It was said of Johnnie's steer roping he never missed that first loop.

"I mighta done better," he said, "but I was always afoot. I had to borrow the loan of another contestant's rope horse." And whenever Johnnie was in the day money, he split his winnings with the owner of the horse he rode. If a man owns his own horse, there is a hell of a difference. The man and horse get to know one another's habits and ways and the roper and horse work together smoothly as a team, without a wasted motion. Rider and horse become one. The best roper in the world, mounted on a sorry horse, is out of the money. It throws back to the old cow country saying that the best cowboy in the world can't make a hand on a crowbait cayuse.

So Johnnie Mullens was handicapped from the start when he roped off a borrowed horse. A rider has to get the feel of the horse between his legs. Riding your own horse, that you've trained for a rope horse, is like wearing a pair of old boots shaped to your feet.

"If you're forced to borrow the loan of another contestant's horse," Johnnie Mullens said, "it puts you in a tight. Take Joe Gardner, for instance. Joe owned a big gray geldin' he called Skunk, one of the best rope horses in the game. Joe Gardner would loan that Skunk horse out to any roper that he was sure wouldn't stand a chance of beatin' him in the finals, and Joe would take his cut of the day money. But come to the finals, when the chips were down, that was where friendship ceased. Joe would not loan that Skunk horse for love or money to any man that was apt to beat him.

"But not Henry Grammer from Oklahoma," Johnnie went on. "I mind the time when Henry loaned me his Flaxy rope horse without my asking. Grammer and Joe Gardner and myself and a couple of others were ropin' off the finals.

"'You ain't lettin' Mullens ride Flaxy?'' Joe Gardner asked Henry Grammer, and Gardner was swelled up like a buck Injun.

"'Hell, yes,' Henry came back, 'Mullens is ridin' Flaxy. You want to make somethin outa it?'

"Joe Gardner said nothing. Just turned away and rode off. Henry Grammer was tough as a boot. A hard man to whip." Johnnie chuckled as he recalled the incident.

The talk drifted as to who was the best all-around cowboy contestant. Johnnie Mullens said it was a toss-up between Leonard Stroud and Breezy Cox. Both had a habit of paying entrance fees to every event on the program—bronc riding, bareback riding, bull riding, bulldogging, steer roping, team tying, calf roping, and even the wild cow milking and wild horse race. Both men were a cinch to pick up day money in at least one or two events.

Going back to 1912 and the Calgary Stampede, when Mr. George Lane asked Johnnie Mullens who was the best roper in his opinion, Johnnie replied without a moment's hesitation that it was Frank Borjorquez, foreman and roundup boss for the John Cross outfit in New Mexico.

(Continued on page 50)

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Illustration by Willard Bellow

No one class of people "won" the West, it appears, and this informal history of the frontier saloon treats of those who couldn't seem to accomplish much of anything if their gullets were dry . . .

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

THIS ONE'S ON THE HOUSE, BOYS!

"I SAY, stranger, ain't ye goin' to invite me ter drink with yer?"

The burly, roughly clad speaker was glaring at an eastern drummer who had just ordered a drink in a Globe, Arizona, saloon. Startled at the presumptuous request, the salesman replied, "No," and started to raise the glass to his lips. A pistol shot shattered the atmosphere of the small barroom, and as the gunsmoke enveloped the astonished drummer, he looked down at his cracked and empty whiskey glass.

The drummer, or Commercial Traveler as he preferred to be called, was too stunned to grasp just what had happened. He called for another glass of liquor, noting that the one he held was no good.

"You'll pay for it?" queried the barkeep.

"Certainly," replied the drummer and he again raised a brimming glass to his lips.

His hand was no more than three inches off the bar when a second pistol shot shattered the new glass into a dozen pieces.

By now the drummer knew what was up and he was alternately frightened out of his wits and fighting mad. He called for a third glass, and this too was shot out of his hand. The deadly game continued with the traveling man determined to outlast his tormentor and expecting each successive shot to be the fatal one. The sixth bullet plowed a furrow across the tip of the drummer's forefinger, but the glass of whiskey remained untouched.

There must have been a smirk of triumph on the drummer's face as, with blood trickling onto his cuff, he raised his glass in a salute to the sharpshooter and then downed the hard-won liquor.

"That's one on me, pard," said the gunman as he walked over to his target and grasped him eagerly by the hand. "I pay for all them drinks and now take another one with me. Thet's the fust time in a coon's age I've missed a glass though I might a hurt a few of the boys' hands just a leetle. You's the fust man that ever held up more'n two glasses on me. The fust one generally makes 'em weaken. I like yer nerve, young man. Let's have suthin more on me."

If the above tale sounds like an episode out of a grade B western movie plot, the similarity is purely coincidental. Actually, under the heading of "Drinking under Difficulties," this story was related in a San Francisco newspaper in 1887 and supposedly was a true experience of a Chicago traveling salesman. But true or not, the occurrence fits our popular conception of the old-time western saloon.

Saloon! The very word conjures up an image of an aged, oaken bar supporting a row of booted, drinking cowboys who pause in their hard liquor quaffing only long enough to engage in a hand of poker or have a shoot-out with a darkly clad villain. The frontier saloon figured prominently in many colorful incidents of our western history, but always as a backdrop, a bit of the stage upon which was played our winning of the West. Perhaps it's time to cast aside the principal actors and look at the backdrop, the frontier saloon, as a separate entity. And, if you think that the old-time drinking establishments were the scene of constant activity and excitement, you are absolutely right.

IT'S not important where or which was the first frontier saloon since this is as impossible to establish as where the frontier began or ended. Suffice it to say that as our borders were broadened and extended, the saloon followed its patrons west. Taos and Santa Fe had Mexican drinking places early in the 19th Century and Bent's Fort, established in the late 1820s in Colorado, had a bar as part of its facilities. The early trading posts and army forts usually had some sort of bar, or at least a keg of forty-rod sitting in a corner of a room.

California, as the farthest point west, played an important part in the saloon story. The earliest Spanish pioneers were much too preoccupied with colonizing and setting up missions to have an interest in establishing grog shops. Indeed, they were hard put to keep from starving to death much of the time, but by the late 18th Century there were undoubtedly a few taverns in the territory.

That liquor was readily available at an early date is evidenced by the fact that California's first *gringo* resident, John Gilroy, was known as a hard drinker. A contemporary Irishman by the name of Mulligan, who may have arrived at the same time in 1814, notably drank himself to death in 1834. Gradually, as the era of the great Spanish cattle *ranchos* dawned, every sleepy adobe village had its local *cantina* where a social drink could be had.

Various groups of Americans settled in California during the 1840s, but after the Mexican War and the discovery of gold in 1848, the saloon really came into its own. There had been only one *cantina* in Santa Barbara when the American soldiers arrived in 1848, but by the middle 1850s there were over thirty saloons in town. The gold rush was the real stimulus, however, and tent taverns blossomed like canvas flowers wherever a group of miners congregated. The saloon had come west to stay and a tradition had taken root on our farthest frontier. Now it was just a matter of filling in the gaps between East and West.

But what was the significance of our pioneer saloons? What part did they play, if any, in the settling of our frontier? To begin with, saloons were as much a social club as anything else. Here a tired cattleman, rancher or farmer could relax with friends and converse on the topics of the day over a drink, free from the constant responsibilities of home or work.

Business dealings were often pursued in saloons, however, just as they are today. Lonesome travelers could always strike up an acquaintance in a frontier barroom and, naturally, cowmen, soldiers or miners, who were a good deal of their time away from town, spent many of their off hours in a lively, convivial saloon. The social importance of saloons can be gauged by the fact that no self-respecting hotel, theatre or dancehall was complete without its accompanying bar.

The first western saloons were hastily contrived lean-tos or tents, thrown together at a spot where traffic converged or where the establishment of a town

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Two of the local peace officers drop into the White House Saloon in Cripple Creek, Colorado, 1890s. The proprietor poses with a box of cigars, always a good seller in saloons.

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was likely. At first little attention was paid to particular names and the word "saloon" painted in large letters told all that was needed to know. But word of mouth advertising soon made the need of a name important, and saloon owners all over the West vied with each other in devising colorful titles for their respective establishments.

Although his saloon might be the crudest of log cabins, a proprietor, likely as not, would name it the "Senate," the "Palace" or the "Eldorado." This might be done in anticipation of the future or merely as a ludicrous way of poking fun at himself. Other popular names which suggested splendid, first-class drinking emporiums were the "Oriental," the "Mint," the "Bella Union," the "Ophir" and the "Palace." As pretentious as the names sound, any of these titles might adorn either a filthy tent in a new mining camp or a handsome stone and brick building in Denver or San Francisco.

Some owners were of a more practical nature and named their establishments accordingly. The "Crystal Bar" was noted for its beautiful chandeliers, and the "Courthouse Exchange" was so-called because it was located next to that local government building. The "Road to Ruin" and the "Eye Opener" were other examples of this kind. For simple practicality, the name of a Miles City, Montana, saloon was hard to beat. It was located across the street from the railroad depot and when you got off the train the saloon sign read "First Chance Saloon." When leaving town and walking toward the depot, the sign on the other side of the building read "Last Chance Saloon."

The more unimaginative saloon owners derived their names from the color of their buildings—the "Red Front," "Green Front" and so on. In this latter category also fell the saloons which took their names from the former residences of their owners, the "Colorado," the "Montana," etc.

Kansas cattle towns sported saloons with names designed to be attractive to the Texas coyboys, and they did a rousing business. The "Alamo," "Bull's Head," "Longhorn" and "The Trail" never closed their doors during the heyday of Abilene. In fact, most popular saloons in the Old West were open twenty-four hours a day.

In a Montana frontier town a holiday was declared in honor of a popular resident who had died. When it came time to lock up the business establishments, the saloon owners could not find keys to their places. When they got to thinking about it, they realized there never had been any keys since they operated on an around-the-clock schedule.

Many saloon names were chosen merely for color. "The Bucket of Blood" is an example of this type. "Blazes" saloon in Nevada City, California, had the somewhat unique advantage of being able to advertise, "Go to Blazes."

IN THE very early days, and even later at remote camps and lonely hunters' gatherings, whiskey was likely to be pretty potent stuff. Raw alcohol was combined with burnt sugar and chewing tobacco to form some semblance of a drink with which to wash down the day's accumulation of dust. From these vile compounds stem the colorful names applied to liquor on the frontier. "Tanglefoot," "Forty-rod, "Tarantula Juice," "Taos Lightning," "Coffin-varnish" and "Red-eye" were good descriptions of pioneer liquor. Forty-rod, for example, was guaranteed to bring a man to his knees at exactly forty rods from the bottle.

Another popular term was "Firewater," which originated when the early traders were selling whiskey to the Indians. To demonstrate the alcohol content of their goods, the traders would throw some liquor on the fire and if it blazed up, the Indians knew they were getting the real thing.

In the saloons, whiskey was dispensed from fifty-gallon kegs stacked in racks along the bar. Bottled liquor was also generally available and some of the popular brands of bourbon were "Double Stamp," "Joe Gideon," "Old Berry" and "Ripy's Sour Mash." Brandy was also very popular and in 1861 a Visalia, California, saloon advertised that its bar was well stocked with "the following brands of brandies: Old Sazerac, Martell, Hennessee, Pony and Charles Revere,"

Some twenty-odd years later the Pony Saloon in Tombstone, Arizona, was advertising "a specialty of hot drinks, consisting of Beef Tea, Hot Scotch, Hot New England, Hot Jamaica and Hot Santa Croix Rums." It was a far cry from the old Tangle-foot days.

Prices of drinks varied, depending on the remoteness of the town and how far supplies had to be freighted in. The general rule seemed to be "all that the traffic would bear," and a rich mining camp in the mountains might charge exorbitant prices for their bottled goods. In a more stable time and area, a mug of beer went for a nickel and a drink of bar whiskey for two bits. Dancehalls and theatres usually charged a bit more. A theatre and bar in Tucson, Arizona, in 1884, charged fifty cents for a bottle of beer, the same bottle costing a dollar when sipped in a private box with one of the "girls."

Drinks were usually paid for in coin, but in gold mining towns and camps gold dust was used as a medium of exchange. An adept bartender could take exactly fifty cents' worth of dust between his thumb and forefinger and weigh it in less time than it takes to tell. Usually this also included passing a magnet through the dust to make sure it was "clean" gold and not full of iron or other substances. It was a fairly common practice for bartenders to place their scales on a piece of carpet and drop a few particles of dust between the miner's poke and the scale. When he went off duty that night he would shake out the carpet and make himself an extra five or ten dollars.

Saloons were numerous and scattered all over town in strategic locations. When you considered that the hotels, theatres and even the better bawdy houses had bars, you can see that you didn't have far to go to get a drink in those days.

In the previously mentioned California town of Visalia, a room above a saloon was used for the first jury trial back in the 1850s. A man named Perry Creason was tried for stealing a horse, and the jury was lined up on benches along the front windows. It was a hot day in the sparsely settled San Joaquin Valley and one of the jurors, by previous arrangement, lowered a string from one of the windows. His accomplice below attached a bottle of whiskey which the juror then drew back up. The bottle was passed around the jury and the judge tried not to notice, although he probably licked his lips a few times. When it came time for a verdict, the jury foreman stood on wobbly legs.

"Boys, I think we'd better turn the damn thief loose. There's no doubt that he's stole the horse but we need men worse than horses out here. Not guilty, yer honor."

Left: Doc Watson's tent saloon, one of the earliest "structures" in Creede, Colorado, during the mining boom of the early 1890s. Right: the old Pearl Saloon in Abilene, Kansas, a relic of the cattle-driving days

Courtesy Author

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

THE OLD-TIME western saloon itself deserves a description, although it must be something of a composite since so much variance existed in personalized details and in services rendered. There were dancehall saloons, gambling saloons and just plain drinking saloons. Others combined restaurant services, or characterized themselves as billiard or bowling saloons. Cafes or fountains referred to themselves as oyster saloons, coffee saloons and ice cream saloons, but, of course, these aren't a part of our story.

A patron walked into a saloon through a set of plain or elegant swinging doors. In a cattle town like Dodge City or in some of the other wide open hamlets that sported twenty-four hour saloons, these swinging doors were usually wired open. In a first-class house in Denver or San Francisco, there was likely to be a screen just inside the door so that passersby could not stare in at the patrons wetting their whistles.

Our typical saloon was fairly unpretentious, its fixtures comprised of a series of overhead oil lamps, a few gaming tables and chairs and the bar area. There were large, framed lithographs or photos along the walls, and sometimes a large clock over the bar. Wood paneling usually ran around the bottom one-third of the walls, with a loud wallpaper extending from the wood to the ceiling.

Even in the drabbest of saloons, the bar was generally a splendidly polished and paneled piece of mahogany or oak, encircled at its base by a gleaming brass footrail. As a rule it was about twenty feet long with a row of spittoons at its base and three or four towels hanging from the outside top edge. These were to wipe the beer suds off one's chin and mustache.

The "back bar" usually was made to match the bar proper and was built around a large mirror. Glasses and bottles were ranged along its shelves and it was flanked by barrels of bar whiskey. A cupboard and ice chest were fitted under the bar or across the open end. And in the middle of all this grandeur stood the bartender ready to mix any drink that the facilities permitted. Step up, gents, and name yore pizen!

Gambling was as much a part of most frontier saloons as the bar. The games were chuck-a-luck, faro, three-card-monte, and in the later days, roulette. Of course, poker games were always in evidence too. Gamblers and saloon owners usually paid forty percent of their winnings to anyone who would steer a sucker against their game. Gamblers were most often pleasant, well-liked personalities and were a social class unto themselves. It was their business to get along with people, and it was usually only the tinhorns who were involved in trouble. Women gamblers were operating as early as the 1850s in California and the female-starved miners were willing to lose hundreds of their hard-earned dollars just for the chance to be near one.

Poker differed slightly from the game as we know it today in that the highest hands were four aces or four kings with an ace. In the '60s and '70s straights and flushes were unknown. Too, the cards used in those days were larger than modern ones and had no digits, only the appropriate number of suit markings.

Gambling was a serious business in the Old West and was a much more integrated part of community life than it is today. A famous story is that early one morning in Denver, back in its early days, a bank cashier found three men waiting for him when he reported for work.

"I've been playing poker all night in the saloon across the street," said one of the men, "and I need $5,000 to stay in the game. There's $4,000 in the pot and some pretty strong hands and the boys gave me thirty minutes to try and raise a stake. Here, take a look at this."

The cashier opened the sealed envelope offered him and noted the four kings and an ace, but he shook his head incredulously.

"I can't lend money on cards, Mister, it just isn't done." He handed the envelope back to its owner.

The trio stared after the clerk as he disappeared into the bank and then turned dumbly away. At the corner they met the bank president, who had also just finished an all-night poker session. When they told him the story he hurried into the bank, grabbed a stack of bills and followed the three men across the street. A short time later the president returned and shoved an armload of bills at the startled cashier.

"Here, credit this $500 to the interest account and put the rest away. What's the matter with you? Haven't you ever played poker?"

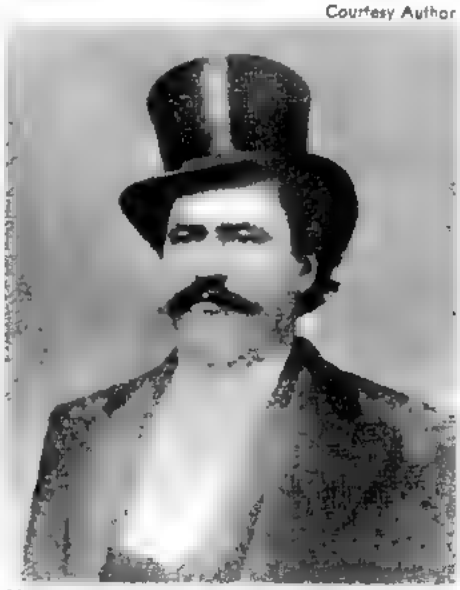
"Why no, I . . ." stammered the cashier.

"I didn't think so," thundered the president. "Just remember, in this institution four kings and an ace are good for our entire assets anytime."

THE OWNERS of saloons were likely to be as varied in personality as the saloons themselves. They ran the gamut from simple businessmen to notorious and colorful characters. Barry and Patton of San Francisco, Fred Maish of Tucson and Tommy Drum of Hays City, Kansas, were regular businessmen who ran their establishments as such. Professional gamblers such as Ed Chase of Denver and Dick Clark of Tombstone operated their own saloons and gambling halls and were of a more colorful type. Other saloon owners were notorious characters such as Rowdy Joe Lowe and Tim Dyer of Texas, Kansas and Nebraska. Too, many of the noted gunmen and man killers of the Old West at one time or another owned saloons or tended bar. Wild Bill Hickok, Bill Tilghman, Ben Daniels, Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Ben Thompson and many others had their fling in what was one of the most consistently lucrative businesses of that era.

Many of these colorful saloon owners came to bad ends, one of the more pathetic examples being Joe Simpson. Joe and his partner, Fred Oakes, owned the principal saloon in the California mining town of Skidoo in the Panamint Mountains. By 1908, Skidoo was on the skids as an ore producer and the town had said goodbye to its heyday. Joe was the

Courtesy Author



Above: Rowdy Joe Lowe, notorious dance hall and saloon owner of Kansas and Texas. Below: Saloon Row in the infant Las Vegas, Nevada. How'd that lunch counter get in there?

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

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town practical joker and he spent most of his time on the wrong side of his bar with his free-loading friends. He was a harmless character, but one day he decided Skidoo needed a little excitement to liven things up.

Joe was pretty well tanked up that spring day when he climbed the hill to Jim Arnold's Trading Post. A portion of this store housed the Southern California Bank and Joe weaved over to the teller's cage and, after fumbling a pistol out of his pocket, announced, "This is a hold-up!"

The teller knew Joe well and he doubled up laughing at the sight of Joe standing there trying to act like a bank robber. Unfortunately, Jim Arnold happened to look up from his counter at that time and he saw nothing funny about a drunk in his store waving a pistol. Walking quickly over to Joe, he grabbed his pistol and told him to go sleep it off. The two men had words and the situation was resolved when Arnold heaved the saloonkeeper out into the dusty street.

Joe wobbled back to his saloon and soothed his shattered dignity with another bottle of booze. The more he drank, the madder he got at Jim Arnold. Working himself into a drunken fury, Joe located another pistol and went back to Arnold's store. He'd show that sourpuss Arnold. He'd go shoot up his place and throw a real scare into him.

As Simpson stepped through the door, he started shooting and when he saw Arnold drop to the floor he figured he had really thrown a scare into him. It was only when the town marshal had rushed in that it was discovered Jim Arnold was mortally wounded in the stomach. Simpson was led outside and handcuffed to a telephone pole and when Arnold died within the hour, a mob quickly formed around the now sobered saloonkeeper. With his arms locked around the pole, Joe was hoisted up to the cross-arm, a rope cinched around his neck, and then dropped. He had indeed created a little excitement in Skidoo and tradition has it that he was the last man lynched in a California mining camp.

SOME OF the most unusual saloons were in the hell-on-wheels towns of the Union Pacific Railroad. The buildings were prefabricated in Chicago and shipped to various sites at the end of track while the railroad was being built. These ready-built dancehalls, saloons, gambling palaces and cat houses supported a reported population of 200 sporting girls, 40 to 50 bartenders and some 100 gamblers. To say they were tough towns is putting it mildly and at least one newspaper correspondent noted that these settlements averaged at least one murder a night.

Another unusual type saloon was the underground variety. Just as the settlers built soddies and dug homes out of the earth because of wood shortages on the Great Plains, whole towns were sometimes dug out of the ground until wood became available. The saloon would consist of a square pit with a board roof level with the ground. A sign would then be posted on a pole outside the descending steps which led inside. Similar saloons were in the California gold rush town of Hornitos, a Mexican settlement. Some underground establishments had dancehalls or stores above them in which case they were actually more like a basement than anything else.

Out on the Staked Plains of Texas still another type building was inaugurated. At the small buffalo hunters' camp of Rath City, the walls of some of the saloons consisted of hides stretched between the poles supporting the roof. These were only temporary shelters, of course, and were due to lack of lumber on the prairie.

Since saloons were nearly always one of the first businesses established in a new town, it's easy to see why they were so often utilized for public meetings. Judge Roy Bean and his combination saloon and courtroom is the most outstanding example of this practice. Bean was an old scalawag, whose main interest was in the commercial aspects of his brand of "law west of the Pecos," but the custom had been inaugurated many years before. Vigilante and even legal civil trials were often held in saloons as late as the 1870s. Jack McCall, the murderer of Wild Bill Hickok, was tried in a Deadwood theatre since there was no local government building at that time.

In 1850 a trial was held in the mining camp of Downieville, California. The meeting took place in the office of the local justice of the peace, which also happened to be the town's most popular saloon. The man on trial had been caught in the act of stealing a pair of boots and after a brief hearing the judge pronounced him guilty and sentenced him to buy a round of drinks for the house. The culprit good-naturedly bought several rounds and everyone had such a good time that it was an hour or so before someone noticed that the thief had skipped out without paying for the drinks. As if that weren't bad enough, someone further discovered that the thief had also taken Exhibit A in the trial—the boots.

But trials weren't the only business conducted in the frontier saloons. They were utilized for all types of public meetings. The first church services in Hays City, Kansas, were conducted by the Rev. Leonard Bell in Tommy Drum's saloon. It might also be noted that the first church in Dodge City was built from donations largely derived from the gamblers and saloon men of the town.

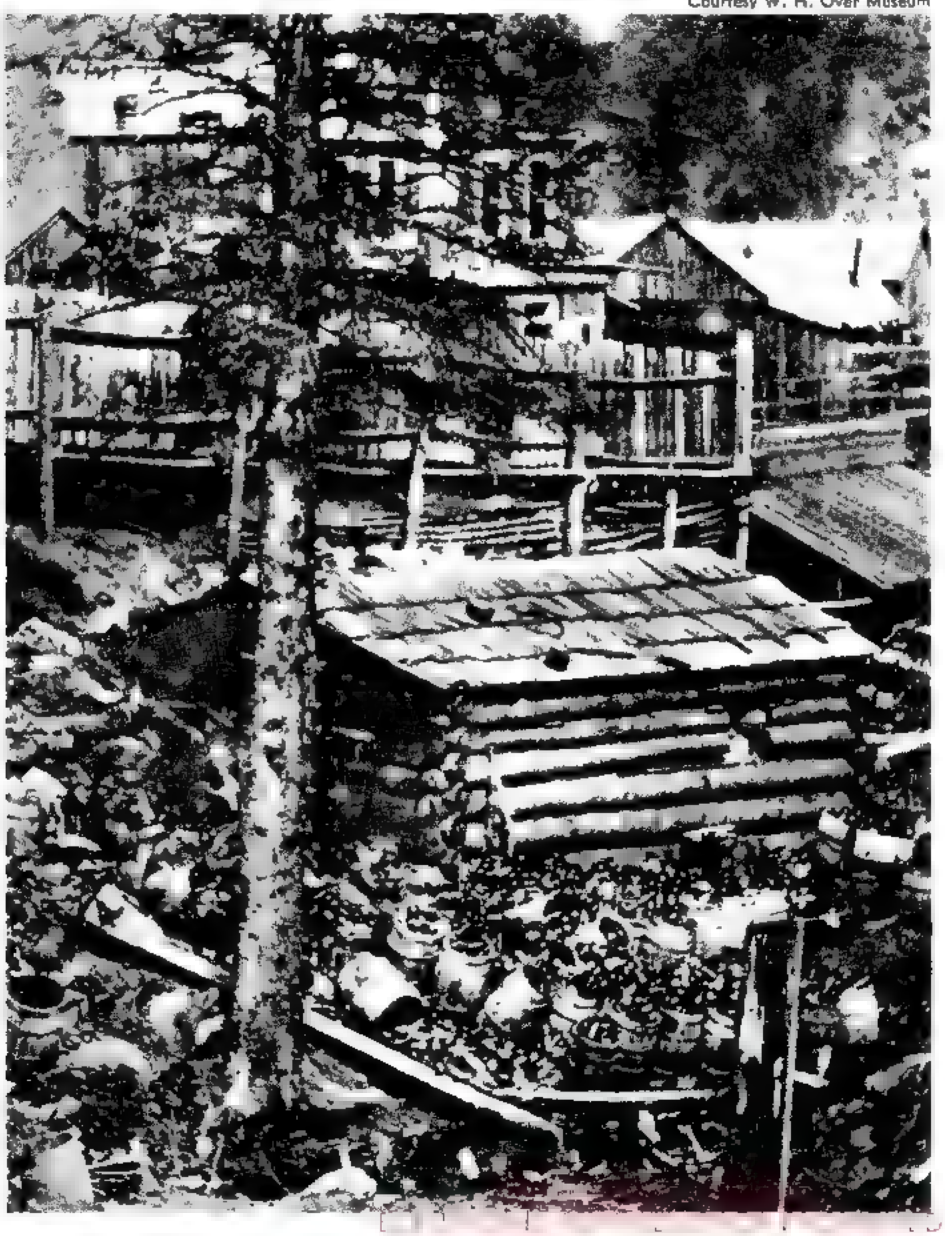
Obviously humor was as much a part of saloon life as the gambling and conversation. In Dodge City a local citizen strolled into one of the drinking emporiums, took a seat and propped his feet up on the table. He called to the bartender that he wanted a glass of beer, a sandwich and some Limburger cheese. When his order was placed next to his feet, he proceeded to sniff critically.

"Hell, this cheese ain't no good," he sneered. "I can't smell a damn thing."

"Dammit," replied the bartender, "take your feet down and give the cheese a chance."

Rear view of a Deadwood, South Dakota, saloon in 1876, showing the empty whiskey barrels and hundreds of empty bottles

Courtesy W. H. Over Museum



Carl Mann, a Deadwood saloonkeeper, had a favorite stunt he used to promote business. A needle with a weight attached to it was fastened under a popular bench in front of his establishment. When Mann or one of his friends had maneuvered someone to a seat on the bench, a confederate inside would pull a string and the needle would come up through a tiny hole and pierce the unfortunate victim. Attributing his discomfort to a sliver, the victim would jump up and down a few times until Mann and his friends would burst out laughing and the sucker would then be compelled to set up drinks for the house as was the custom of the day.

Tiring of the game, Mann one day decided to move the needle under the spot where his accomplice in the game usually sat. Johnny the Oyster was the first one to steer a victim to the bench after the new arrangement had been made. As he casually conversed with his prey, Johnny signaled for the string to be pulled and a moment later jumped several feet into the air with a loud scream. He ran around the saloon for several minutes threatening to kill everyone in the place while his startled victim thought he had gone crazy. When he calmed down and Mann and his friends had stopped laughing, Johnny was made to stand drinks as usual.

There's a story, many times told but of doubtful authenticity, that well illustrates our American frontier humor. An eastern dude was talking to a rough-hewn old buffalo hunter at the bar of a western saloon. The dude, in trying to impress his buckskinned friend, showed him a small .22 pistol which he was carrying for protection. The hunter burst out laughing at the insignificant weapon, much to the chagrin of the tenderfoot.

"Why, sonny," chortled the plainsman, "effen you shot me with that there thing an' I found out about it, why I'd be madder than a hatful o' hornets."

ONE of the classical practical jokes took place in the backroom of an Arizona saloon in 1892. John Dunbar and several local residents inveigled a stranger into a quiet game of poker and as the evening wore on everyone had about equal shares of luck. The stranger finally drew the hand every poker player dreams of and began raising his opponents. By the time the pot had reached the limit of $50, everyone but Dunbar and the tenderfoot had dropped out.

"I'd better call," said the stranger with a pitying look at the other player.

"Call yourself," replied Dunbar. "What you got?"

"Four aces," was the triumphant answer of the tenderfoot and he began raking in the pot with trembling hands.

"Drop it," shouted Dunbar, "I've got a lally cooler."

"You've got a what?" retorted the newcomer. "I've never heard of a hand like that before."

"A lally-cooler," shot back Dunbar, "is the biggest hand in the deck. Three diamonds and a pair a clubs an' I got 'em."

When the stranger protested further, Dunbar poked a thumb over his shoulder and sure enough, a sign on the wall proclaimed that "A lally-cooler beats four aces."

The stranger was broke, but by selling his train tickets and some jewelry he was able to stay in the game. Gradually, as he won a few pots, he was able to buy back his possessions and as his luck continued his chips grew into a good-sized stack.

Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

Early shot of an Emmett, Idaho, saloon, above. Below is the interior of the original Bale of Hay Saloon, Virginia City, Montana.

Courtesy Eastern Photo Service

It was late in the evening when the tenderfoot was again dealt what he was sure would be the winning hand. He bet the limit of $50 which Dunbar saw and bumped him another $50. Dunbar called the dude's next $20 raise and asked for one card. The stranger stayed pat. Both men had to borrow to keep up with the resultant betting until finally, shoving his last chips in the pot, the stranger called.

"I've got you this time, Mr. Dunbar."

"I don't think so," returned his opponent, "I have a fair to middlin' hand. Four aces, to be specific."

"No good," exclaimed the stranger, and as he jumped out of his chair his smile was something beautiful to see. 'I've got a lally-cooler—three diamonds and a pair of clubs."

"Pot's mine," shrugged Dunbar. "If you'll look over your shoulder you'll see why."

His faith in Lady Luck shattered completely, the dude turned slowly around and stared dumbly at the sign tacked on the dingy wall.

"A lally-cooler can only be played once in an evening."

The western saloon has traditionally been associated with deeds of violence and the contemporary dime novels and later television and movies have fostered this popular conception. It's true that saloons were frequently the scene of shootings and fights, but these weren't hourly occurrences and, generally speaking, trouble was the exception rather than the rule. In the early days the frontier was peopled with rough men who worked and played hard in a land often hostile to the needs of their very existence. Too, there were many criminals who had fled civilization and added their burden to the already hard-pressed pioneers. Pack a group of such armed men into a frontier saloon and there was bound to be trouble at times. And trouble there was. But later, as the West began settling down, gunfights became less common and differences were settled with fists for the most part. In a broad sense, in the Old West, as today, trouble usually originated in the tough places which catered to tough people.

UNFORTUNATELY, many of the frontier lynchings were perpetrated by drink-crazed mobs who acquired their

(Continued on page 60)

By NEIL ROUNDS

Photos Courtesy Author

"Dude" Rounds, left, and "Missouri" John Massengale at Rawlins, Wyoming, 1885

A COMPLETE

STOCKMEN in Western South Dakota during the '80s, the '90s, and the early 1900s, remembered as long as they lived, the many hardships and stock losses during the winter of 1886. A furious blizzard hit the area early in November, with the stock already in poor condition from the previous dry and dusty summer. The range was over-grazed because the ranchers had held off fall shipments due to low prices.

On the heels of the three-day blizzard, came 40 below temperatures which lasted for days. Cattle wandered aimlessly in search of grass, with the snow so deep that for all their pawing and stomping, it was useless. Wolves and coyotes followed or lay in wait, either to hamstring the critters as they weakened, or to pounce on them when they died. Losses in the Little Missouri area were eighty per cent; in the Belle Fourche area, fifty per cent, and in the Cheyenne area almost ninety per cent. Many wagons in the spring roundup didn't gather enough to pay expenses and many of the outfits from northwestern South Dakota to central Wyoming and Montana were ruined.

Neither did they forget the late blizzard of May, 1905, where in the White River area alone, several thousand head of cattle died. More than 6,000 head, owned by Corbin Morse, plunged over the Badlands Wall at one location, and died from suffocation, freezing temperature, or broken bodies. On that morning in May, the sun rose as usual, and a few scattering clouds slipped past to let it burn the early morning chill away. By the middle of the forenoon a steady drizzle of rain had started and a formation of black clouds moved around the horizon, blanketing the sun and turning the cheerfulness of the morning to a dismal gray. The wind whipped itself into a gale and the drops of rain became larger and sharper. This is the kind of storm that fills the brim of your Stetson so full of water it runs out of the corners of the rolls, both front and back. You tip your head down in front, then in back, so that it can run off your yellow slicker, but some of it goes down your neck. Your cowhide boots soak through, the tinkle of the spur rowels sound dead, and your manila rope becomes so wet and stiff it won't slip its knot.

A HERD of 7,000 head of cattle recently thrown on summer range north of the Badlands Wall, and in the flat country along the Bad River, sensed the change in weather; only a gentle rain at its beginning, but changing to sleet, then snow. They turned their tails against the north wind and moved restlessly south. They had bedded all night and wanted to fill, but kept moving at an increasingly faster pace.

The Badlands extend fifty miles from the town of Scenic on the west, to the town of Kadoka on the east. They are a white substance that crumbles easily when dry, but becomes slick and greasy when wet—a kind of gumbo, 'dobe or caliche. They rise from the floor of the Basin, with the buttes, ridges and knolls sticking up here and there at various heights, and finally reach a flat area which lies to the north.

White River heads up fifty miles southwest of Scenic, following a crooked course on the south side of the Badlands, and forming a basin several miles wide, with Pine Ridge Indian Reservation located to the south of it. A heavy run-off of melting snow and spring rains will run White River bankful, and its looped course forms numerous meadows or bottoms. The river bottoms have grass that is stirrup high in the fall, and heavy growths of cottonwood trees provide wind breaks for cattle and horses. This 500-square-mile area of the Badlands and White River Basin was used by most of the stockmen for winter range. Duhamel, Holcomb, Kelliher, Corb Morse, Missouri John Massengale, and Gus Craven would winter in the basin and in the spring would shove their stock north of the Badlands Wall for the summer.

Corb Morse had come in to western South Dakota before 1890, worked as a cowhand in the vicinity of the Black Hills, and then had gone into the ranching business on a place east of Rapid City. He was agent for a banking group in Colorado, and for several years he sold cattle which they shipped to him from Colorado and Texas. He gradually increased his own holdings and bought out the Holcomb and Duhamel outfits, and later the entire "15" outfit owned by Missouri John Massengale. His manager was I. S. M. Brown and his foreman was Ed Portwood.

Massengale ran nearly 5,000 head of cattle and 1,000 head of horses when he sold to Corb Morse in 1896. He had trailed 2,000 head of cattle and 500 head of horses from Carbon County, Wyoming, in 1890. He had as foreman Julius C. "Dude" Rounds who had worked for him since he started a ranch at Carbon in 1879. Missouri John had showed up at Medicine Bow that spring, leaving Missouri two years before and having spent some time prospecting for gold in the Black Hills.

Dude Rounds had left Iowa the year before, when he was fifteen years old and a small cow outfit came through, trailing them to northern Colorado. In

the vicinity of Centennial, Wyoming, he hired out to a man by the name of Black Jack to ride herd on a small bunch of horses. He spent the winter of 1878 in a shack at a crossing of the Medicine Bow River where Jim Bridger, the old army scout, lived with a squaw. This is the location of the town of Elk Mountain, and as soon as Black Jack showed up in the spring, Dude turned the horses over to him and left. Black Jack was a horse thief, instead of a trader, as he maintained he was.

At Medicine Bow, Rounds met Missouri John, who had just bought 150 head of heifers, most of them springers. They located in Carbon County north of Hanna and Medicine Bow, and branded the Beer Mug iron. The place had been filed on the year before by a homesteader, who had then left it for some unknown reason.

That area of Wyoming was ideal for cattle raising. On the plains was a heavy growth of buffalo grass, and good timber and brush lined the rivers and creeks, providing winter shelter. This was the central part of the Laramie Plains and that region, together with the White River and Cheyenne River basins in South Dakota, were the only known areas which propagated buffalo grass. This type grass will harden out a beef steer so that the meat is almost equal to that of a corn-fed steer. Beef cattle from those two areas brought premium prices on the Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago markets.

The Laramie Plains lie east of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains to the Laramie River. Nearly fifty cow and horse outfits were located in this area, and from the time Dude Rounds was nineteen years old until he trailed the Massengale outfit to White River in 1890, he was wagon boss of the spring round-up on the Laramie Plains each year. He carried a U. S. Marshal's commission so that he had authority to run off any cowhand who wasn't an authorized rep.

After 1885, several sheep men moved their herds into this area and the range became over-grazed—more and more each year. Sheep will crop the grass close to the ground, and if there is a hard winter the grass won't come back. Also, most range steers won't water at the same hole where sheep have watered, if they can find water anyplace else. There were numerous arguments and a few killings, but men who were reasonable and level-headed avoided serious trouble.

The Beer Mug Ranch near Carbon, Wyoming

AFTER the spring roundup in 1889, Dude outfitted a pack horse, saddled another, and made a trip to the White River area in South Dakota. About 100 miles east of Rapid City he found a place on the north side, but adjoining White River. There was a flat area of a few acres, protected on the north by low hills, then it dropped off to bottomland, having heavy growths of brush and cottonwood trees on the south. It was occupied by a settler with a few head of cattle and horses.

Dude bought the outfit for Massengale and then hired the settler to stay on the place until the Beer Mug could be trailed in from Carbon the following year. Before going back to Wyoming Dude established business connections with banks and mercantile stores at Pierre and Chamberlain, South Dakota, and at Gordon, Nebraska. Each of these towns were approximately 150 miles from the place which he had just bought on White River, but they were rail heads, and beef shipments would have to be made from one of the three locations.

A year later when the Massengale outfit was trailed to White River, the brand was changed from the Beer Mug iron to the "15" iron, and the location of the ranch was known as the "15" Table.

Dude went back to Carbon in late summer and before the next spring made plans to trail the herd out. The 150 head of heifers had increased to 5,000 head, and he sold off everything except two-year-old heifers and steers. He didn't want to trail young calves or cows with calf. There were also nearly 500 head of horses held for the move, some of them blooded. The 2,000 head of young heifers and steers, and 500 head of horses had been held close all winter so there would be no need to wait for the spring round-up for the gather.

As soon as the time of heavy snows was past, Dude put the stock on the trail. In a few days they were well out of the foothills, at a lower elevation, and into rolling prairie northeast of Cheyenne. Few losses, if any, occurred throughout this 500-mile trail, for there were top cowhands on this drive. Among them were George Porch and E. W. Hans Thode, who had worked for the Beer Mug from the time it had started and who stayed with the "15" outfit until it was sold in 1896.

In those days, cowmen relished a long

WIPE-OUT

It took seventeen years to build the herd. Three days were sufficient to destroy it

Dude Rounds drove cattle from the 15 Ranch across this pontoon bridge on the Missouri River at Chamberlain, South Dakota.

Badlands of South Dakota from top of the Wall near the location where the 15 herd was lost

drive, with its campfires, the musty smell of the canvas tent and the prairie at night; the coffee, the bacon, and the sourdough biscuits at daylight, when the morning air was yet chilled; the acrid smell of sweat from the horses as well as from the men's own unwashed carcasses.

Missouri John knew far more words of profanity than any other kind in the English language. He referred to every cow and sheep as an S—o—b, and told Dude that his only regret in leaving Wyoming was that he wasn't permitted to kill at least one "G—d—" sheepherder. No incidents happened on the drive except that near the town of Hermosa, South Dakota, in the southeast edge of the Black Hills, they were held up a few days due to a recent skirmish near the head of White River, between the Army and the Indians.

During his trip from Carbon to the Badlands the year before, Dude had located water holes, river crossings, and bed grounds where the cattle were least likely to spook. A small band of Sioux came in sight at the South Dakota border, but there were squaws and children with the party which was probably moving camp. U. S. Cavalry scouts were in the vicinity of Fort Laramie, and when the herd reached a point near Fort Fetterman, other cavalrymen stayed close until the Black Hills came in sight a hundred miles to the north.

THE TRAIL HERD reached the "15" ranch by mid-summer. The ranch was located at a good crossing of the White River, where the stream ran wide and shallow. The bottom was gravel and the banks sloped so that single team wagons could easily enter the river and climb the other bank.

Peace talks with the Sioux were scheduled at Pine Ridge Agency and for several weeks those Indians from the Standing Rock, the Cheyenne, and the Crow Creek Agencies, crossed the river at the "15" Ranch. Some of them camped a few days, others overnight, and others went on through. They were friendly, but they expected Massengale and Rounds to give them a little sugar, or bacon, or lard, and on occasion Dude gave them some fresh beef.

The Laramie Treaty of 1868 supposedly settled the Red Cloud War, giving the Indians all of the territory between the Missouri River on the east and the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming in the west. In 1875 a gold rush to the Black Hills was touched off by General George Custer's report and it had brought in hundreds of prospectors. There were many uprisings led by such noted Chiefs as Spotted Tail, Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull, and even more frequent skirmishes. It became apparent to the Army that full-scale war with the Indians would break out if the trouble could not be resolved very soon.

A meeting was scheduled, culminating in the Battle of Wounded Knee, but a later meeting established a boundary for the Pine Ridge Reservation on the south side of White River.

The 2,000 head of cattle which were trailed to White River in 1890 had increased two and one-half times by 1896. Corb Morse bought the complete "15" outfit, including several hundred head of horses, and the ranch land and buildings. The tally was made after the spring roundup that year and Morse paid for it in full.

Missouri John Massengale could neither read nor write, and had at that time worked and lived with his foreman, Dude Rounds, for seventeen years. In those seventeen years he had become wealthy, but actually had to ask Dude how much money he had, and in what banks it was deposited. The association of these two men ended by Missouri John telling Dude to write himself a check for whatever amount he needed to buy himself a cow outfit.

Dude Rounds went into a partnership with W. W. Anderson, Superintendent of Crow Creek Indian Agency, which lasted four years, at which time they sold to Dave Handcock. This partnership was verbal, with no written contract. In 1900 Dude was hired by an English cattle and land firm to go to Australia to check into the possibilities of starting a cattle ranch there, and he returned, advising against it. They afterward hired him to go to Canada for the same purpose.

In 1903, Rounds started his own outfit at the Old Rake Ranch on White River, and branded the LU.

FOR SEVERAL previous days in May, 1905, and even back in April, the days had been warm. The sun was bright, and the grass and trees were growing profusely. But South Dakota weather turned all its fury loose this day within only a few hours after the sun had burst into its morning blaze.

A South Dakota blizzard is terrible. It is like the world clashing and spewing its meanness, or like the universe has turned upside down. The wind goes mad and the pleasantness of the things of nature is forgotten. A blizzard drives the air from the lungs, one's throat is pained, warmth leaves the body, and neither man nor animal can brace the storm.

By dusk of this day, the blizzard had numbed the prairie to winter's whiteness, and the whole of it was a bleak nothing. The gullies and draws and washes were fast filling with snow. There was no moon to guide the living, only snow, whipped by a wind so violent that it seemed like a thousand needles. The restless movement of the 6,000 head of cattle changed to a determined pace; then as the weather became worse, their pace became a stampede. Baldy Williams of the Triangle Ranch to the north, saddled and followed a few miles, then turned for home. George Porch, east of there, mounted and rode out to a location ahead of the herd, but had to rowel his horse brutally to avoid being run down. Nothing can stop a stampede of 6,000 head of cattle; they must be let run until they are exhausted.

The herd entered a dry wash, and the width narrowed abruptly. Deep snowdrifts slowed them down. A few were trampled when the straight sides of the wash narrowed the herd, and a few head were diverted to each side as small gullies branched from the wash. These few head met the dead ends of the gullies and milled around until their energy had been spent.

At one place the Badlands Wall is almost a precipice, with a sheer drop of 200 feet. Elsewhere, throughout its length, little buttes and ridges jut outward and a man usually can climb from bottom to top without exhaustion, or descend without injury. The first few head of cattle reaching the mouth of the wash pitched outward and downward in a free roll. Others behind them slowed, but nothing stopped any of them.

Except for the few head which were diverted up small ravines, all others were in one massive pile of carcasses covering an area of several thousand square feet. There was one survivor—a big seven-year-old steer which had evaded all attempts to gather for fall shipment. After three days, when the blizzard had stopped, he was perched on a small knoll. More ribs and hip bones showed through his hide than most critters are known to have when they are well fed.

(Continued on page 64)

A roundup chuck wagon on the Laramie Plains

Like all men's, his final destination was the graveyard, but there the similarity ceases . . .

FRANK WOOLLEY'S LAST JOURNEY

By JOHN WESTBROOK

Photos Courtesy THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Franklin B. Woolley

Edwin D. Woolley

Author's Note: My grandmother was always fascinated by an article written by Anthony W. Ivins which appeared in a 1916 issue of *The Improvement Era*. It was titled "Indian Revenge and a Brother's Devotion." Later I became interested in the episode, too, and after finding out all I could about his unheralded example of courage, consider it one of the most touching events in Utah's history.

ONE CAN only imagine the surprise of the grizzled old prospector who, crossing the great desert of southern Nevada en route to the mining district near White Pine one spring day in 1869, met a determined young man driving an old wagon carrying a casket. The youth said he meant to take the wagon and its cargo across the desert to St. George, Utah.

This tale of a man's devotion to his brother had begun in southern Utah the previous fall. In 1868 Utah was a thriving territory controlled by Mormon pioneers who had founded many small settlements spreading out in all directions from their central headquarters in Salt Lake City. All supplies for these settlements were shipped overland from St. Louis, or via sea to California and hence from California by independent teamsters. These teamsters usually banded together in large trains in order to insure safety from attack by the many war-like Indian tribes found between the coast of California and the Great Salt Lake Valley. As these trains were few in number and expensive to form, the cost of supplies in Utah Territory was high—even exorbitant. Sugar, for example, sold for more than a dollar per pound at St. George, and tea for more than six dollars per pound.

As a result it was not long until the Mormons, enterprising people that they were, drew up plans for the formation of their own transport company, which would purchase supplies in California and deliver them to Utah. In November, 1868, the Southern Utah Co-operative Mercantile Association was formed and Erastus Snow, a man known and respected by the people of the territory, Mormon and non-Mormon, was appointed its director.

A wagontrain was fitted out and left for San Bernardino about February 1, 1869. It was to be met in California by Franklin B. Woolley, who had been selected as purchasing agent for the company.

Woolley left St. George and traveled to Salt Lake City. From there he went on to San Francisco, where he bought the supplies. He then sent the goods south to Wilmington, a seaport near San Diego, where they were to be loaded on wagons and hauled to St. George.

Among those who were to freight the supplies to St. George was twenty-three-year-old Edwin D. Woolley, a younger brother of Frank.

By the first week of March, the train was loaded and ready to leave Wilmington. The route chosen by Frank Woolley led north past San Bernardino to Victorville and then east across the great deserts of southern California and Nevada to Utah Territory. A considerable portion of this trail lay across Muddy Valley, notorious for its lack of water and treacherous beds of quicksand.

Finding that the teams he had brought from Utah were not sufficient to pull the heavily loaded supply wagons, Frank Woolley halted the train in San Bernardino long enough to purchase another team and employ a man to drive it.

No trouble was anticipated, and indeed the trip was made without incident from San Bernardino through Cajon Pass, and over the divide to the Mojave River, where the train camped for the night. However, when the teams were brought in the following morning, it was discovered that three of the horses which had been purchased in San Bernardino were missing. And although the greater part of the day was spent in searching for the missing animals, they could not be found.

THE TEAMSTERS were impatient to continue to St. George regardless of the missing horses. Frank, on the other hand, pointed out that it would be nearly impossible to freight the supplies without them. The argument continued for some time before it was decided that the train would proceed while Frank backtracked to continue the search. He was to catch the train as soon as he found the horses.

A few miles farther on, the train came to a point where the road branched—one trail leading to Utah Territory, the other to Camp Cady, Arizona. Where the trail forked was a station kept by a half-breed and his wife. One of the wagons was left at the station and Edwin Woolley was chosen to remain and guard it.

Edwin remained at the station for several days. When his brother had not returned at the end of this time, he grew quite worried and decided to search for him. He left the wagon with the station keeper, and riding a borrowed horse, started back along the road to San Bernardino.

At the place where the horses had been lost, Edwin found them grazing on the river bottom. He roped one of the horses and, after extracting a promise from a group of teamsters he met on the trail that they would return the borrowed horse to the station master, he continued his journey and soon arrived at the upper station on the Mojave River, which at that time was kept by Charles Burton.

As Edwin neared the station, he observed that there was a large freight train in the yard, headed north. Mr. Burton and his wife and the teamsters were standing in small groups, watching him as he approached. He rode directly to the man he thought to be the owner of

(Continued on page 66)

LICEN
TRONIC

Miracles of the OLD-TIME

Even if we had witnessed these demonstrations, we wouldn't believe what happened. Perhaps you won't either. We can only state they're a matter of record—and, as such, a matter of interest

THE SEATING AREA of a large lodge was crowded with red and white spectators for the evening performance. The place was a remote trading post in Indian Territory.

An overture of music and dancing preceded the main feature of the evening. Several members of the society entered on stage of the theatre-in-the-round. Spectators stirred uneasily in their seats, a little nervous and fearful of the unknown drama to be presented. The actors drew together, separated, and suddenly one of them swung a saber, beheading one of the other men. The gasps of shock and horror among the men of the audience were pierced by the screams of women who had to be carried, fainting, from the lodge.

The victim, to the amazement of those remaining inside, danced merrily around the stage while spouting geysers of blood from the ghastly wound. The head was carried around the lodge for inspection by anyone having that macabre desire.

The head was replaced on the body, but facing the rear. It was seen by everyone to correct its position, turning to the front. The doctor among the actors stepped forward to halt the flow of blood and to erase the wound marks caused by the saber by merely rubbing his fingers over the cut. Immediately the victim was as normal as he had been before the slash of the sword.

Some anthropologists seek to pass over such demonstrations with a simple explanation of mass hypnotism, saying that induced and lengthy fasting to create a medicine dream, when the Indian male was young, made hypnotism easier to induce under certain circumstances. Others said that the illusions were created by magic, sleight of hand, or misdirection of attention.

No matter what explanation would seem justified, the vehicle used to create the situation was equally effective on primitive native, on continentally civilized white, creative artist, warrior, or academically trained professional soldier, when they were witnesses, either singly or in groups of various degrees of sophistication.

Not too far to the south of the described dramatic scene portrayed by the Arikaras, were the Pawnees, at one time blood relatives closely associated with their wayward kin, the Arikaras.

In the village of the Pawnees, a similar show began on a much milder scale than the drama of their northern relatives. A medicine man or native doctor entered the stage carrying a bow and several iron-headed arrows. The arrows were passed around the lodge to be examined and approved by the audience as normal arrows in every way.

Several men followed the doctor on stage with elk skins thrown over their backs and with tree branches bound to their heads to represent elk antlers. While they were imitating the actions of elk, the doctor shot them with the arrows, striking the targets in the sides or in one of their limbs. It was no light actioned bow, and the doctor drew it the full length of the arrow before release. Sometimes the arrow would rebound from its intended victim a full fifteen or twenty feet. The "elk" would continue on their way without harm.

The medicine man would gather his arrows and turn them over to his audience for inspection. The arrows were seen to have broken or splintered shafts, and their iron heads were tumbled back upon themselves, evidencing the terrific force and striking power upon impact with their victims, the pseudo-elk.

With the preliminary out of the way for the evening, the doctor would bring

Medicine men treating sick boy at Zia Pueblo, New Mexico, 1889. Many tribes retained their pagan rituals after outwardly accepting the Christian faith, as indicated here by the crucifix in background.

Photo by M. C. Stevenson, Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

By BILL JUDGE

MEDICINE MEN

on the first of several main events. The most effective was when he would pass around an ordinary iron tomahawk for inspection by the small but closely located audience. The tomahawk would be found to be typically regulation, with no concealed hinges or disappearing blade.

An actor would appear on stage, acting out the part of an attacking enemy warrior. The doctor, prolonging the suspense and building up the scene, would stalk the foe around the small arena, finally catching him and brutally sinking the tomahawk shaft deep into his skull. The victim would sink to the floor with blood and other matter pouring out around the deeply imbedded war axe. The casualty would be carried unconscious from the lodge, later to return physically and mentally as well as ever.

ANOTHER phenomenon, while on a much milder and less gruesome note than the foregoing, was equally productive of expressed astonishment and amazement. The doctor, or in this case medicine man, would prepare a small plot of ground in the center of the stage floor, pulverizing the hard-packed soil for the planting of several kernels of corn. After watering the corn hill, the doctor would retire a short distance away to await results, the same as other spectators. Soon a small green leaf appeared, to grow and enlarge into a corn stalk before their eyes. From then on, the growth was much like that of a delayed-time-sequence movie which condenses six months' growth of a plant into a few minutes' time. Soon the corn had grown to its full length. The doctor plucked an ear and handed it to the members of the audience, who found it normal and fully matured.

It was said that in earlier times there was a young woman among the Pawnees who could cause plums or chokecherries to grow on a barren tree which had been brought into the lodge. The stories also go that there were medicine men among other tribes who could produce fruit in the wintertime when trees and bushes were seasonally dormant.

There were many instances where medicine men were able to cure men and women who had been mortally wounded, miraculously removing bullets or arrowheads and healing wounds in short spaces of time, either with or without the direct physical aid or suggestions of their medicine helpers. The latter were the supernatural beings or animals from whom they had originally been given their curative powers. In many instances, doctors were specialists, even as the doctors of today, practicing or specializing in one type of injury or disease or concentrating on diseases or wounds in one portion of the body. Usually their administrations to a sufferer began with a prayer to the being which had given the doctor his gifts. At other times rituals in imitation of some act of their medicine helper had to be acted out in the treatment of the sick or wounded.

Demonstrations would sometimes be worked out in a sort of "reverse English." The medicine man would allow one or several persons to fire his or their rifles, with himself as the target. They might even be allowed to mark their bullets with a private mark unknown to him. After firing, he would remove the bullets from his person or clothes and return the marked bullets to their respective owners. Another variation of this theme was for the medicine man to stand against a tree and allow men to fire at him. He would stand aside and show there were no wounds on his person while there would be bullet marks in the tree behind him.

This resistance to penetration by bullets could be carried into battle by other warriors. Roman Nose, the renowned leader warrior of the Cheyennes, was bullet proof and led a charmed life until a taboo which made his medicine effective was violated.

It was said a Nez Percé at the Battle of the Big Hole in Montana was impervious to bullets. After the battle he had several large black and blue marks made by the impact of .45-70 or .50-70 caliber bullets which he shook out of his belt. It might be thought the bruises were made by spent bullets. They may have been made by defective cartridges not furnishing their full power, but not by spent bullets. He had taken part in what had been a vicious, close range, hand-to-hand conflict. A hit by the caliber mentioned, at close range, can kill without penetration.

ANOTHER society among the Arikaras were masters of heat control, disdaining the effects of any form of high temperatures upon their body. In the center of the stage, during this type of demonstration, would be a large flat rock, upon which a fire had been burning for days. Sometimes the fire coals would be scraped off, at other times not; it made little difference to the dancers, who would appear and perform for several minutes on the top and among the embers without injury to their feet.

At other times, large kettles of boiling water would occupy the center of the stage. The actors would appear and plunge their arms to the shoulder in the water to retrieve immersed objects. In addition to this, they would swallow steaming hot substances and other objects flaming with fire. The main event of the evening came when they jumped bodily into the kettle of boiling water and emerged without ill effects.

The young woman of the Pawnees, mentioned as growing plums and chokeberries, had an intriguing act which required the assistance of her brother. They would roll a large rock into the center of the stage. Summoning ten spectators out of the audience to assist, they would hand each a cedar branch about three feet long. These branches were cut off squarely on the bottom, but were otherwise as natural as they came from their parent trees. The ten men would place these branches on the rock where they became as fixed as if they had penetrated the rock. People were invited to blow, shake them down, or pull them from the rock. All efforts would fail until the original ten men were asked to remove them. This they did, but only after great exertion had been made.

One of the greatest illusions was performed by another member of the Pawnees. One of the medicine men produced a gun decorated with a scalp. Four of his assistants were dressed and painted to resemble horses. After prancing around for a little while, the horses noticed the

Photo by Frank Fiske, Courtesy Louis Olmstead

White Bull, Cheyenne Medicine Man

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man loading the gun, so they pretended to be frightened and ran away a short distance. The man then cocked the gun, placing it on the ground with the muzzle aimed in the general direction of the four frightened horses.

The scalp was placed near the trigger of the rifle. The principal walked off several paces and turned to face the gun and scalp—giving a silent command with his hand to the scalp. The gun fired and one of the horses fell to the ground. The act was repeated four times until all the horses were down. The onlookers were invited to examine the horses.

It was found that they were really wounded in the chest and were bleeding badly from the breast and mouth. The doctor, after the examination, slapped them and the rifle balls came from their mouths and their wounds were instantly healed.

While some of these illusions were staged and can be explained, others are beyond understanding. Some of these happened in battle when there was no time to create illusions or opportunity to induce hypnotism. The instances mentioned might be explained by saying that conditions were just right for coincidence, but after all who can explain miracles which happen among persons with no inclination, or faith, to believe?

AROUND the middle of the last century, the Cheyennes were hunting Pawnee raiders, or horse thieves, on the Saline River in Kansas. One Pawnee unsuspectingly rode into a trap set for him and was killed.

Under him was found a medicine bundle made of a stuffed storm eagle, carried by the Pawnees on horse raids. With its help, rains would come and erase their tracks so they could escape without being trailed. The Cheyennes were convinced that the bundle gave effective aid in protection, for when they opened it, the weather changed and rain began.

Crow King, Sioux Medicine Man

Photo by David F. Barry, Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Shortly after the Nez Percé war, a small band of that nation was trying to make its way home from Canada. It seemed that every hand was again raised against them as had been the case when the Nez Percé were trying to escape into the safety of Canada.

On three separate occasions, when closely pressed, a man touched fire to his pipe and began to smoke. The smoke turned into a low-hanging cloud or fog and, screened by it, the Nez Percé were able to evade their pursuers.

It is said that the Modocs once used this trick in their fight among the rocks of the lava beds. The Crows and Blackfeet, among other tribes, were also said to have rain or storm makers to erase their tracks when necessary for escape.

Long, long ago, almost out of memory among the Cheyennes, there was a leader named Rope Earrings. During those days, wearing an old-time stone arrowhead as a head or hair decoration was believed to bring a long and active life. In Rope Earrings' case, it must have been true for he was nearing fifty which was past the usual age of an active leader.

In this instance, he was leading a group of about thirty men against the Crows. On war missions and against a respected foe, the parties usually were much larger than on a simple horse-raiding expedition. Both motives must have been concerned on this occasion, for though the party was large, it traveled on foot, its members expecting to ride captured horses home.

It was a long trek from their camp on the Missouri to the head of the Rosebud, near the location of the much later fight with Crook in 1876. The morning after their arrival, a wolf or scout was sent to the top of a nearby hill to see what was astir in the surrounding country. Not far off and approaching the camp was the figure of a man. Before the stranger came close enough to be caught, the Cheyenne dog, which had accompanied the band to carry moccasins, sighted the man and by barking warned him of his danger.

The Cheyennes set off after the man, knowing it was necessary to capture or kill him before he could set the country upon them.

Rope Earrings, in spite of his age, must have been unusually active and full of stamina, for he set a pace that his thirty other followers could not maintain.

The Crow was a strong runner and soon drew a good distance ahead of all but Rope Earrings. The latter was the only Cheyenne who seemed able to gain on the Crow.

It wasn't long before the pace began to tell on the older man and the Crow seemed on the verge of making good his escape when Rope Earrings received an inspiration. Removing the stone arrowhead from his hair, he held it to the sky while he sang a short song asking for aid. Dropping his arm, he made a throwing motion toward the Crow.

On the fourth such motion he released the arrowhead and the Crow stumbled and fell. While this was going on, the other Cheyennes had caught and passed Rope Earrings. Reaching the Crow they killed and scalped him before searching the body. They found Rope Earrings' arrowhead piercing the backbone, where it had severed the spinal cord and brought on paralysis from the waist down.

THERE WERE many medicine men of several different Indian nations who were well known for working their way loose from almost any type of confining bonds or ropes. But there was one escape artist among the Cheyennes whose exploits rivaled the great exhibitions of Houdini.

Many Cheyennes claimed White Bull was the greatest medicine man who ever lived, and there were those who said he was the biggest fake. No matter who was right, those who witnessed his greatest performance always remembered even though they could not explain how he accomplished the feat.

During the year of 1867, the Cheyennes and Sioux were camped on the Rosebud. White Bull was determined to demonstrate his powers, so he asked a group of men to bring a large, flat rock from the nearby hills. The men complied with his request, selecting a rock so large that it could not be carried, but had to be tumbled end over end into camp.

A pit was dug, large enough for a man to sit in, near the rock. Over all, a lodge was erected, so huge that the lodge skins from three average-sized homes were used to cover the framework of poles. A great feast was prepared and enough invitations issued to crowd the lodge with three circular rows of guests.

After the feast, White Bull asked that he be tied so that everyone would be sure he could not escape. He was placed in a sitting position with his hands behind his back. His palms were placed together and his wrists tied tightly, each to the other. His fingers were tied individually with bowstrings to a corresponding member of the opposite hand. Pulling his knees up under his chin, they ran ropes from his wrists over his shoulders to his ankles, which had also been tied together. As an added precaution, his arms were tied to his thighs. It was a thorough trussing job, and the men responsible swore he could never get free.

White Bull was then placed in the pit. A buffalo robe was used as a cover over the pit and the large rock which had been brought in from the hills was placed over the buffalo robe. Four boulders, each as large as a man could comfortably lift, were placed on each corner of the flat rock. Over this accumulation of awkward weight was built a sweat lodge which in turn was covered tightly with additional robes. By this time, and with each succeeding phase of precautionary measure, the people within the lodge were growing increasingly anxious for the safety of White Bull. They asked the men who had placed the rock over the pit to stand by. If White Bull could not make good his escape within a certain length of time, they were to remove the rocks and insure his rescue.

In addition to the guests within the lodge, a large crowd of people had gathered outside. One of them, a woman, nervously called to those inside to sing a medicine song to aid White Bull before he smothered. A voice beside her inquired who was in danger of smothering. Turning her head to answer the softly spoken query, she recognized White Bull who was closely, and with interest, watching the proceedings beside her.

When it was announced to those inside that White Bull was outside the lodge, they would not believe it until they had peered inside the sweat lodge. There they were astounded to see the large rock which had required so many

(Continued on page 67)

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If you like to be alone, you will envy him. But not many of us could buddy up to nothing but an echo for fifty years!

Pat Lynch, HERMIT

By AGNES M. PHARO

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Right. Pat Lynch, about 1911. Below. Pat's Hole, Steamboat Rock, at the junction of the Green and Yampa Rivers in Western Colorado

Courtesy Author

EARLY-DAY Colorado had a somewhat transient population. Many stayed for a few months, then moved on. Others settled in one spot and stayed for a lifetime. One such was old Pat Lynch, hermit.

For almost fifty years Pat lived alone in an area officially named Echo Park, but which now is known as Pat's Hole—"hole" being the trapper-designation for any place where trappers congregated or made good hauls. Pat's Hole is located in what is today the eastern section of Dinosaur National Monument in Northwestern Colorado.

The outstanding feature of Pat's Hole is the great mile-long monolith shaped like a steamboat and called, appropriately, Steamboat Rock. Its sheer gray walls rise 800 feet from the confluence of the Green and Yampa Rivers, and Pat Lynch often must have stood on the sandy beach across the water and shouted to hear his voice bounce back in a challenging chorus.

The first white men known to have entered this isolated area were Spaniards from Santa Fe, seeking to blaze a trail to a mission in far-away California. They failed in their venture, but Father Escalante recorded that he and his party made camp September 14, 1776, on the banks of the river now called the Green.

In May, 1825, Gen. William H. Ashley and his outfit of six trappers voyaged down the Green and through Lodore Canyon. Then in 1869, Maj. John Wesley Powell led an expedition down the same river. Arriving at the great gray monolith, Powell christened it Echo Rock (the name Steamboat came later), and the surrounding area, Echo Park.

About the same time Powell was marveling at the monolith and its echoes, Pat Lynch showed up in Brown's Park, some miles to the north. A year or so later, Pat drifted on down to the region where he spent the rest of his life.

When he arrived he didn't have much except a few clothes and a well-worn Bible. He was a religious man, never failing to say his prayers on his knees before retiring. Strangely, he was quite interested in history as well as current events, and subscribed to a number of newspapers and magazines.

Hermit or not, Pat was friendly. He could discuss many subjects and was especially addicted to telling tall tales. He liked to say he had a spring trap gun, all set to welcome nosy intruders, but those who knew him said he was a gentle old man who enjoyed having visitors. Another of his favorite stories was that he had murdered a man in Pennsylvania and came West to escape the law. At other times he would solemnly swear that he had killed his own mother.

He also claimed to have a pet mountain lion which he could call by giving a mournful wail. Back from the neighboring cliff would come an answering scream. Pat always declared that "Jenny Lind never sang a sweeter note." Some old-timers said Pat called the lion Jenny, too. At any rate, the cliff is still known

(Continued on page 54)

WHO KILLED BOB McCOY?

Thermopolis, Wyoming during the era of the rustler and outlaw. Bob McCoy was on his way from town when he was bushwhacked. The notice below, from the *Big Horn River Pilot*, served as a warning to any would-be rustlers.

By DOROTHY G. MILEK

IT WAS a hot Fourth of July Sunday in Wyoming. Mrs. Young wiped the sweat from her face as she worked in the kitchen and chatted with Bob McCoy's two sons. She thought about the pleasant moments she had spent caring for the boys after their mother's death four years before in 1901. This afternoon she was worried because the elder McCoy had left the small ranch on Friday and had planned to be back the same evening. It was only a few miles to Thermopolis, and he should have been back on time.

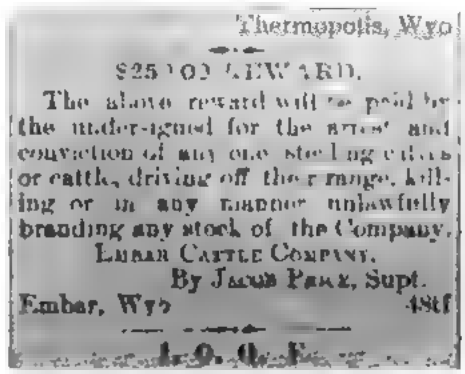
She tried to hide her concern from the boys, but nagging at her mind was the frightening discovery which Bob had made a couple of weeks before. Hidden under the house he had found a bundle of dynamite. Confiding in Mrs. Young, Bob had told her that he believed someone intended to blow up the house with him in it, but they hadn't found the opportunity to catch him there alone.

Glancing up from her work, Mrs. Young saw a horse coming around the bend. It was McCoy's, but it was riderless! Thoroughly alarmed, she gathered the boys into a buggy and drove down the Big Horn River to a settlement at the hot springs. From there she telephoned the deputy sheriff across the river in Thermopolis.

A quick check around town revealed that Bob McCoy had bought some meat at the local market and had left for home late Friday afternoon with a parcel under his arm.

Deputy Sheriff Gryder of Fremont County rode across the river to check the trail to McCoy's ranch. About a half-mile from the river crossing he came upon the parcel of meat and McCoy's saddle. They were lying beside an abandoned cabin.

Gryder examined the area and found



Thermopolis, Wyo

$25.00 REWARD.

The above reward will be paid by the under-signed for the arrest and conviction of any one stealing calves or cattle, driving off the range, killing or in any manner unlawfully branding any stock of the Company.

LUBAR CATTLE COMPANY.
By Jacob Price, Supt.
Embar, Wyo 48tf

1-9-0-F

that the cabin door had been forced open and a hole punched in the window screen. He carefully inspected the trail which ran between the cabin and the riverbank with only a few feet on either side. Gryder soon discovered that the grass on the riverbank was matted and stained with what appeared to be blood.

By the time he found this crucial evidence, darkness had set in and the deputy was forced to abandon further investigation until morning. Fearing the worst, he returned to town.

Early Monday morning he had a search party out in full force. The river downstream was probed with hooks attached to long ropes. In a short time Deputy Gryder felt a tug on his line, and when he drew it up, a man's leg was fastened to the hook. The men pulled McCoy from the water and a gasp of horror went through the crowd. A nosebag filled with rocks was tied around his neck and his right ear had been slashed from his head.

Gryder, highly agitated, rushed to a phone and called Justice of the Peace M. D. Gregg and the sheriff of Big Horn County (the river was the boundary between Fremont and Big Horn Counties). They in turn called Dr. J. R. Richards for an autopsy. The men examined the body and reconstructed the crime.

Photos Courtesy Thermopolis Pioneer Museum

The assailant apparently had hidden in the cabin and poked his gun through the torn screen. McCoy passed the cabin before the first shot was fired. This bullet hit him in the side making a "ghastly" wound, but not necessarily fatal. The second shot, which went through the heart, would have caused instant death. A later story said the two bullets were shot from opposite sides of his body, indicating that possibly two men were involved in the killing. However, the first newspaper accounts say nothing of this theory.

What was the motive for this murder and who was the assassin? The truth may never be known.

FIRST, there was the missing ear to be considered. For years this method had been used when a bounty was to be paid for a killing. Was the climate of the Thermopolis area during this era conducive to murder for bounty?

Thermopolis was regularly visited by members of the Hole-In-The-Wall Gang. Many men drifted in and out of actual participation in crimes committed by the gang's chief members. These were the small-time operators, the one-calf-at-a-time rustlers. There were plenty of them around in 1905.

The manager of one of the largest cattle ranches in northern Wyoming, Jacob Price of the Embar Ranch, told his son, "All the leading Embar cowboys were on the side of law and order, although they were greatly in the minority during most of the years I was foreman, which could be known as the 'Days of the Hole-In-The-Wall Gang.'"

His son, Robert Price, went on to say, "We doubt very much if there was ever a Hole-In-The-Wall 'Gang,' but there is no doubt there were many rustlers around Thermopolis, stealing horses

ORG
PROHIBITED

The only reason it's still being questioned is because too few people believed the man who confessed . . .

and butchering cattle and thereby making life miserable for Jacob Price and other owners of the Embar Cattle Company."

Further evidence of this was an ad which ran on February 15, 1899, in the *Big Horn River Pilot*, a Thermopolis newspaper.

$250.00 REWARD

The above reward will be paid by the undersigned for the arrest and conviction of anyone stealing calves or cattle, driving off their range, killing or in any manner unlawfully branding any stock of the Company.

EMBAR CATTLE COMPANY,
BY JACOB PRICE, Supt.
Embar, Wyoming

Price must have been hard pressed by his losses because all the old-timers agree that he bent over backwards to help the little fellow.

As one pioneer admitted, "I never stole any money from anybody. I have branded a lot of cattle for some of these little cowmen. I always carried a running iron. Whenever I ran onto some of the Embar and the Pitchfork cattle, I always thought, 'Gee whiz, here's some poor fellow trying to get started,' and I would just brand a calf for him." This was not an uncommon philosophy in the late 1800s and early 1900s.

Pioneer Charles Hett wrote: "When I moved to the new town (Thermopolis) in 1899, it was wild and wooley; all the outlaws and roughnecks flocked there. Horses and even milk cows disappeared. Wagons and harnesses also."

He told of a time when a pasture fence was cut and some horses were stolen. The owners notified the sheriff at Lander, the county seat, and requested some deputies to track down the rustlers. They received the "astounding reply that it would be necessary for us to put up bonds to insure the expense of sending the guardians of law and order to our neighborhood. This was an example of Fremont County justice in 1903."

Soon a vigilante committee was formed which went after the rustlers. Mr. Hett recalled that it was almost impossible to track the outlaws since some of the so-called "respected citizens" of the town were in cahoots with the gang and acted as spotters.

This, then, was the atmosphere in which the murder of Bob McCoy took place. But what did such incidents and characters have to do with McCoy? A great deal, I believe.

It is not known when McCoy came to the area, but as early as 1894 or 1895 it has been established that he was acquainted with the notorious Butch Cassidy. Herman Johnson, a pioneer of Thermopolis says, "Bob McCoy was putting in a floor at the saloon at Old Town in 1894 or '95. I was going to school. At recess I saw a fellow walking along. He looked in the place where Bob was laying the floor and said to Bob, 'Look out there.' Bob looked out and said, 'Hello, Butch.' Then he came out and shook hands and I could see he knew Cassidy well."

Mr. Hett writes that in 1896 he was hired to work on the Quien Sabe Ranch north of Shoshoni, Wyoming. It was here that he first met Bob McCoy along with another local man named Kyse (Kise) Eads. The Embar roundup was camped about eight miles away. Two other men and Bob McCoy left the ranch in the late evening and the next morning they butchered seven head of beef steers from the roundup. McCoy took the meat in a four-horse outfit and sold it somewhere for four cents a pound.

The widow of Andy Workman, another old-timer, recalls that her husband was supposed to go to Cody with McCoy for the 1905 Fourth of July celebration, but pulled out early because he didn't like to associate with McCoy.

EARLY newspaper accounts tell little about McCoy. He ate with his wife and other friends at a quiet Christmas dinner in 1897. Christmas of 1898 he raffled off a bridle. Any bad things that were said about him were not on paper. He was credited with saving a woman from drowning in the river.

Perhaps Mr. Hett is right when he says, "Bob McCoy to my knowledge never stole cattle from a poor man. He was a man with a heart, good to his family and neighbors and, had he lived in better times and surroundings, no blemish would ever mar his name and reputation. He was simply a victim of circumstances." Undoubtedly he had made mistakes, but perhaps he was more guilty of having bad associates than of actual participation in crimes.

The editor of the *Thermopolis Record* speculated that the ear may have been cut off to cover murder over a private affair. If so, why was the ear tacked to the door of Kyse Eads? One explanation is that it was done to warn other suspected bad guys that they should leave the country or suffer the same consequences.

There is no doubt that Eads was on the outlaw fringe, for he, too, was at the Quien Sabe Ranch. He had a record of trouble with the law. Eads owned a livery stable at the springs and our first written accounts of him are taken from the *Big Horn River Pilot*.

In December 1897, Eads had a grand jury indictment against him for taking and driving away in May a $25 horse belonging to Sam T. Hanes of Casper. Hanes said he gave the horse to Eads to break and Eads rode the horse away and never returned. Eads was unable to furnish the necessary $500 bond and sat in jail awaiting trial. In February 1898 he was tried in Casper and acquitted of the crime.

In May he and his partner, George Fertig, toured the shearing circuit in Wyoming and Montana. The *Pilot* editor wrote, "The enterprising young men deserve praise for the pluck and energy manifested in their going forth to better their financial condition; may they succeed." Upon their return he mentions the "popular proprietors of Hot Springs Livery." Popular with whom—the better class of citizens, the editor, or with men who were on the edge of law and order—is not made clear.

Eads and Fertig disposed of their livery stable and took up a homestead on the head of Grass Creek in 1899. Their partnership was later dissolved and in 1905 Eads and McCoy were partners in a butcher shop. In January, McCoy sold his interest to Eads.

Then came the tragic month of July when McCoy was killed and his ear was tacked to the door of Eads' cabin. Apparently it was enough for Kyse. Not long after the killing, Charles Hett was carrying mail and passengers to the Roundhill Station, halfway between Casper and Thermopolis. On Kirby Creek, about twenty-five miles northeast of Thermopolis, he met Eads driving some cattle and horses. Mr. Hett expected some trouble because of his activities on

McCoy crossed this steel bridge spanning the Big Horn River on July 2, 1905, and was killed a short distance south of it.

Jacob Price during the last year he was superintendent of the M-Bar Ranch, 1905. Price was one of the big cattlemen who always gave the little fellow a chance.

the vigilance committee, however Eads gave him "a regular wolf's look but said nothing." This was the last time Eads was seen in the vicinity of Thermopolis.

BUT WHO was responsible for the death of McCoy? An official verdict was never given as to the assassin. In fact, the whole subject was dropped as far as charges or any further news items in local papers. Only the verdict of gossip was left to name the man who had pulled the trigger.

The number one suspect or group of suspects was, of course, the vigilance committee. But Hett disclaimed any responsibility on the part of the committee.

Outside of this group four other men have been mentioned. In her book, *Stories of Early Days in Wyoming*, Tacetta Walker states that Deputy Gryder was thought by some to have been the killer. He was working for a cattle outfit in 1905, but he was suspected of working with horse thieves. She further states that prior to the killing he was broke, but shortly after showed up in Casper with $1,800. This is the only mention found of Gryder.

The next two men implicated were two of the town's leading citizens, Ed Enderly and Frank McManigal. This would account for the theory that two men had shot McCoy. However, there are a couple of versions of this story. One states that shortly after the killing McManigal had a lot of money and went to Africa. Another was that a few years later he was broke and selling all of his possessions to get out of town. McManigal was in no hurry if he did the killing, for in 1916 he attended a testimonial banquet for pioneer J. D. Woodruff.

There is little evidence that either Enderly or McManigal had a motive for the killing. All the facts seem to indicate that McManigal was well fixed. He had squatted on a claim at the southern edge of Thermopolis, now known as McManigal's Addition. He was given a contract to irrigate the State Reserve and before 1900 he was constantly busy with his carpentry work. Even in 1905 he must have had some money. In January he was injured when he fell into a railroad culvert on his way out of Thermopolis. Where was he headed? To Cuba on a vacation. This was six months before the killing. Apparently he traveled extensively before the murder, and perhaps his trip to Africa was just another journey.

In 1898 he and his partner, Charles Edwards, had been elected to the Fremont County Democratic Convention in Lander. Would he risk his reputation and future to kill McCoy? It seems unlikely.

There are two different stories told by persons claiming to be witnesses to the murder. One lady, who lived near the river in July, 1905, said she saw McManigal come out of his house just after dark and a short time later she heard shots. If this were true, there was a time lapse between the afternoon hour when McCoy left town and the killing. Did McManigal know that Bob was going to be delayed along the way? Was McCoy purposely detained so the deed might be done under cover of darkness?

The other story was told by a man closely related to Enderly. He told several individuals that, from across the river, he saw McManigal and Enderly shoot McCoy.

Neither of these informants ever testified before officials. Furthermore, the stories contradict each other. If it were dark it would have been impossible for anyone across the river to identify the assailants. And both of these stories also conflict with one told by a surprise witness.

He was a rough old codger and was often boozing around town. With a gun by his side he was seen the day after the killing down by the river in a bad temper. This was Sam Berry, or Barry. Here is his story as told by E. J. Farlow in the *Lander Journal*, September 2, 1933.

"Sam Berry was a colorful character of the Old West. His middle life was spent in this country and he would always have remained here had he not been convicted for killing Henderson, on the Sweetwater. Some say he didn't do it and in fact he was convicted on his own statement given in braggadocio and went to the pen at Rawlins for a term of years.

"Then he got out and he went over to the Big Horn Basin country where he was regarded as a badman who had killed his man and for a consideration would take on another. He seemed to have no conscience. His deep gruff voice struck terror to the uninitiated and he was a showpiece for the dudes who wanted to see a real gunman. About 1920 he got into trouble for killing game out of season and the officers were hot on his trail. He had a camp near the Yellowstone Park line on the North Fork of the Shoshone on the Cody road. Being familiar with this country he made his way through the mountains and drifted down the Wind River Valley. He worked for our sheep outfit for several years, pulling camp and doing whatever he could. He had a crippled hand and his age was against him.

"In the middle of February, 1929, I went into the Fremont Hotel and sat down by a feeble, old man, Sam Berry. He said, 'I am all in. I am going to die. I want to tell you something before I go.' He had been brought into Lander for treatment. He had a little money, not much. 'I am so near the end of my rope

About two years after this picture was taken, Kyse Eads, his stepson, and other members of his family left the Thermopolis area. Bob McCoy's car had been tacked to Kyse's door and apparently this was all the inducement he needed to change his address.

Shown here as members of the Thermopolis band in 1907 are Charles Hett, Jr. (third from left); Wesley Enderly, (third from right); Frank McManigal, (extreme right).

now,' he said, 'that they (meaning the law) won't bother me. I have killed seven men in my time, all for hire. I never robbed one of them, although I have taken part in holdups and bank and train robberies. I killed four Mexicans and three white men. John Tregoning and I both shot about the same time at Henderson. I got $100 for this but was to get $300. It cost me a lot of time in the pen, too. I killed a white man in Nevada for $500, but the one that bothered me most was Bob McCoy.

"'I had agreed to get three men, but McCoy was the first and only one I got as the other two fled. My contract was for $1,000 each and the evidence I had done the job was to deliver an ear. I shot Bob McCoy about dark behind a little log house. He fell from his horse. I went up to him and he was still alive and recognized me. He gave me an awful look and it has bothered me ever since. I drew to shoot him again and he said, "Don't." When he was dead I cut off his ear, buckled a nosebag filled with rocks about his neck and rolled him into the river as it was on the bank.

"'I felt squeamish about Bob. That look of his followed me all the years. It haunts me at night and I never see a stream nor a log cabin that I don't think of how I took advantage of poor, defenseless Bob. He didn't have a chance.

"'When I got my money I got on a big drunk at Cody. It lasted a month and when I finally sobered up because I was broke and no one would sell or give me liquor, I took a look for the other fellows but they were gone and I never saw either of them.'

"I asked Sam who these men were, but he would not tell me. I asked him how much he got for Bob's ear, and he said they paid him the $1,000 in cash as they had agreed. When I asked him who paid him the money he took a severe coughing spell and I helped him up to his room, telling him I would drop around again when he was better and we would have another talk. A few days later they took him to the county house and I never saw him again. He died March 10, 1929 at the age of 81. He told me that his name was not Sam Berry, but that was good enough."

WAS Kyse Eads one of the men he was looking for? This confession, when published, immediately stirred up more controversy. People wanted to believe their own favorite story regardless of any confessions made. Others refused to believe that Berry had killed McCoy because he was seen drinking in a saloon that night; yet if he killed McCoy shortly before dark, he could easily have been in the saloons that night.

Mrs. Walker in her book quotes a letter to a prominent sheepman at Thermopolis, Dave Dickey:

"Johnnie (Farlow) was supposed to have said that it was a log cabin at which McCoy was killed. It was a very small dug-out in the east side of a steep draw on the south side of the river. The dug-out was but a few steps from the bank of the river and the trail leads between the dug-out and the river."

The *Thermopolis Record* of July 8, 1905, says a vacant cabin. This difference could be explained by the next paragraph of the letter

"I was there a few days after Bob was killed. There was a square hole about 18 to 20 inches cut in the log front of the dug-out and over this a wire screen evidently to keep out mosquitoes. Barry had cut a three-cornered hole in the screen, bending down the cut points of the screen to put his rifle through and shot Bob between the shoulders at a distance of not over 20 feet.

"Barry lied to Ed Farlow when he said McCoy was alive and spoke to him. A man that saw the body said Bob's back was broken and that his lungs and heart must have been shot to pieces, killing him instantly."

The *Record* again gives a different account, that the first shot fired was not necessarily fatal.

"Another thing, it was not Barry's dug-out, and no one was living in it at the time he bushwhacked McCoy."

The paper agreed with this and said it belonged to William Neece.

"He (Barry) was a plump four-flushing, yellow lying scoundrel. I met him when he first came to Wyoming.

"McCoy had but a few head of cattle and horses when he was murdered. There wasn't an outfit in the Big Horn that couldn't give him cards and spades and beat him rustling."—Bob McCauley.

Was Berry what is known today as a psycopathic liar? Was he the type of man who plagues the police with false confessions to crimes?

I feel this dying old man was telling the truth. It was probably a great relief to confide the hideous thing that he had been living with so many years. If Barry's story is true, there were others who were equally guilty of the crime. They were those who had broken the law by paying a bounty on the life of another human. But in times when it was difficult or impossible to secure the arrest or prosecution of guilty parties, it was sometimes necessary for citizens to take the law into their own hands. And it was usually only after such drastic steps were taken that decent law was made available. Whoever was responsible, it is another vivid example of frontier justice, right or wrong.

LIC
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By THOMAS H. BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

Bradshaw City cemetery

The DEAD of BRADSHAW CITY

Foundations such as these dot the area where Bradshaw City once stood. An old sourdough, who has roamed the area all his life, told the author the foundation at left was part of the local saloon.

DROWSING in a breezy, sun-swept saddle 6,500 feet up on the south slope of Wasson Peak, a tiny cemetery marks the upper end of Bradshaw City's crumbling remains. More than a hundred years have passed since the first rugged settlers arrived in the then diminutive camp and declared it home. Bradshaw City was first mentioned in the *Arizona Miner* on September 21, 1864.

William and Isaac Bradshaw owned and operated the ferry at Olive City (originally Olivia) in the early 1860s. Olive City was located on the Colorado River between La Paz and Mineral City and consisted of only one building constructed of willow poles covered with brush. While Isaac was content to stay at home and tend to business, William was possessed of wanderlust and gold fever. In 1863 he led a party into the mountain range which was later given his name. Thus the village was born.

Being situated on the trail from Prescott to the Tiger Mine, Bradshaw City's streets soon bustled with business and activity. The *Arizona Citizen* of May 20, 1871 described the settlement: "The townsite has been surveyed in pine timber on top of the southern ridge of the Bradshaw Mountains. Two stores, a restaurant, two saloons, an assay office and a butcher shop are already operating . . . many other buildings are being erected. A wagon road is being built to the town from Minnehaha Flat." To further the camp's prestige a post office was established July 1, 1874.

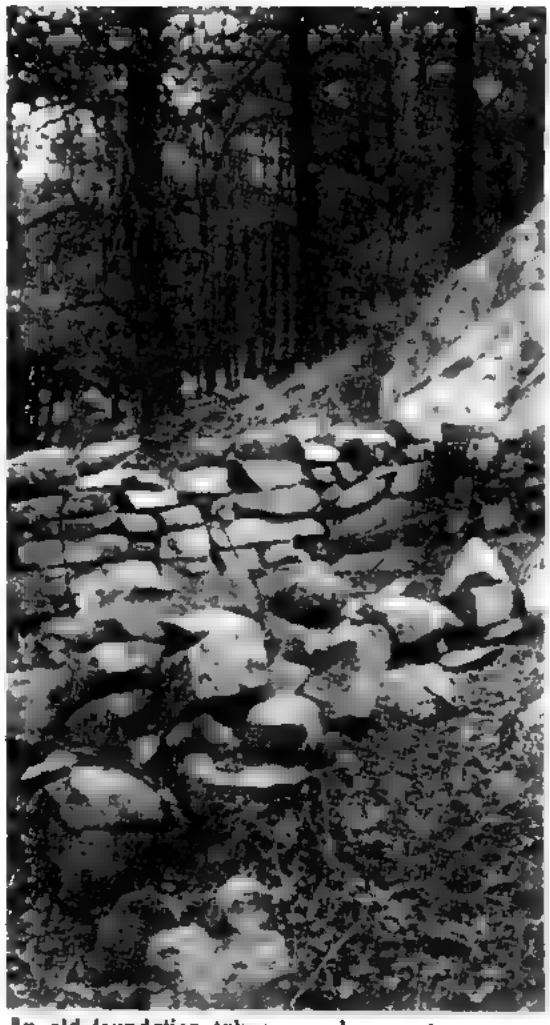
Lieutenant Wheeler said, in his Preliminary Report of 1871, that in Bradshaw City hay was selling for $75.00 per ton, barley for 15c per pound, lumber $100.00 per M, blasting powder cost $15.00 per keg, miners were paid $2.50 per day, freight was 15c per pound and that a wagon road was in from Walnut Grove to Minnehaha Flat from which a steep trail led for five miles to the "city." He included the astonishing fact that the population of Bradshaw City was then 5,000!

TODAY this once proud community is almost entirely obliterated by the ravages of time. After two and a half days of searching, I located the dimmest of trails leading around the slope of Wasson Peak, a trail which terminated at the ancient cemetery. Here stand the headboards and headstones, those which were hewn from pine and oak now having the appearance of lacework due to the softer grain having eroded completely away, leaving the tougher fibers intact. The stone markers have lost their inscriptions entirely, but wood or stone, all of these monuments are erect—not a one has been disturbed. Corner posts of the fences around family plots still stand vertically and solid, while the rails between them rest on the ground at crazy angles. The entire site is partially shaded by huge pines and oaks. The mountain breeze moans softly through these stately sentinels; occasional clouds pause briefly to rest on this isolated saddle, and all is so very, very serene.

Leaving the last resting place of Bradshaw City's forgotten dead, I followed a descending trail deep into the forest. Soon barely discernible remains of the homes and stores began to appear on each side of the old street, and even more narrow streets led away into the gloom, flanked by crumbling foundations and decomposed lumber. At last I was standing in the heart of the long-searched-for town!

All is dead in Bradshaw City. The townsite sleeps in heavy shade, and dreams its dreams of the past.

And William Bradshaw? He sleeps also—sleeps in an unmarked grave at La Paz where he cut his throat during a fit of delirium tremens. So much for the man and his town—may they rest in peace.



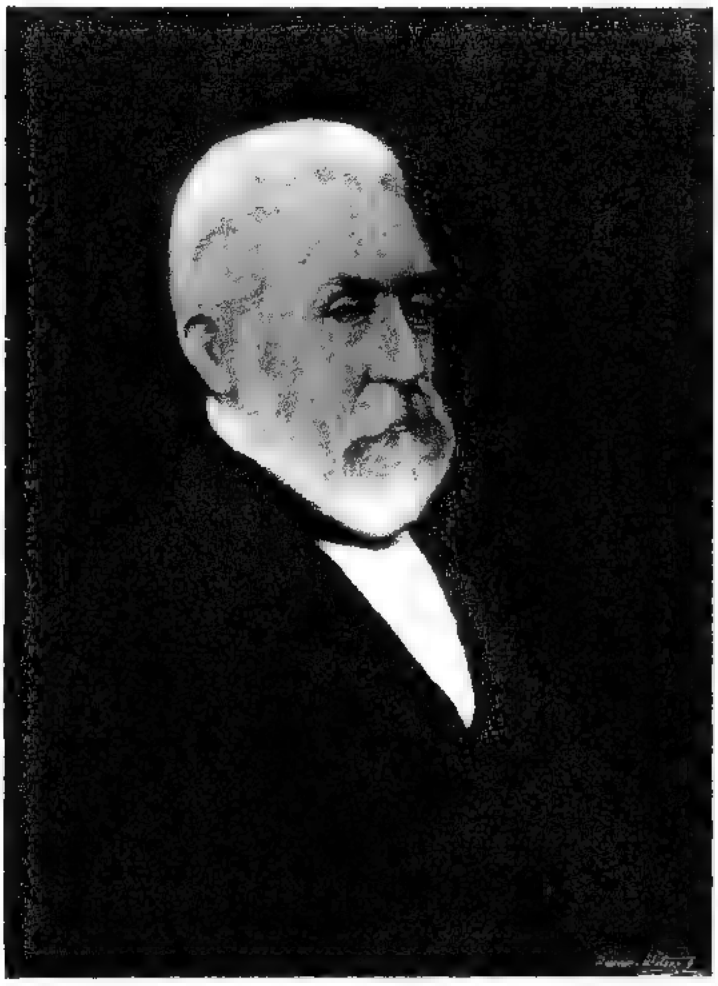
An old foundation taken over by vegetation, above. The rocks below once served as a small private reservoir.

—truly rest in peace. We give you a town the vandals have missed!

Legend of the CIRCLE G

By DADE RAYFIELD

Photos Courtesy Author



Peter Gallagher

Peter Gallagher could easily have been caught in the middle of some very troublesome times. Mexico, the new Republic of Texas, and a horde of infuriated Comanches spent most of their time shooting over, under and around him. Only a free agent—both in allegiance and determination—could have survived . . .

ONE of the oldest ranches in Texas, Gallagher Ranch—The Circle G—has been owned for almost four decades by Mrs. Amy Shelton McNutt, millionaire financier, rancher and philanthropist. It still embodies the original 10,000 acres granted Peter Gallagher by Santa Anna and is the largest working ranch in Bexar County.

Ancient live oaks which Gallagher saw when he first entered the Valley of the San Geronimo shade the vast patio which surrounds the sprawling ranchhouse. The original buildings constructed by him as a home and fortress still stand. Almost a mile of aqueduct built to lift water from the San Geronimo River to Gallagher's grain fields is a showpiece on the old ranch, and the San Geronimo follows its ancient course east of the patio garden.

The legend of the Circle G is kept alive by Mrs. McNutt, and as guests relax before huge fireplaces on wintry nights, they often hear stories of Indian attacks, early days on the frontier, outlaws and gunmen who rode the Old Spanish Trail, and buried treasure yet to be found on the Gallagher spread.

"Peter Gallagher was a civil engineer, born and reared in Ireland," Mrs. Mac will tell listeners. "He came to America to help build the docks in New Orleans, and from there he went to Galveston, known in those days as Galvez Town. It was in the days when the Spanish were encouraging pirates to prey on French and English shipping. Merchant ships would be plundered and then the pirates would cross the Gulf and hide their loot on the Texas coast until such time as they could dispose of it. It was at Galvez Town that they often cashed in their booty. Peter Gallagher was employed to build that port's first docks.

"It was while Gallagher was building the first Galveston wharves that he got in very solid with the Mexican Government," Mrs. Mac says. "It may have been during this period that he became known to Santa Anna. Because of the outstanding job he did in the port construction, the young engineer was commissioned by the Mexican Government to carry out an even more important mission."

Santa Anna planned to strengthen his forces at San Antonio de Bexar before launching his campaign against the Austin colonists. Dragoons and their mounts would require food which could not be supplied easily from south of the Rio Grande. El Presidente's expanded forces would need a supply depot in the vicinity of San Antonio de Bexar and its fortified mission, the Alamo. It was to be Peter Gallagher's job to find a suitable spot for such a base, and he embarked on his mission at least three years before the fall of the Alamo in 1836.

Operating first from San Antonio, Gallagher and his party of explorers cast about in search of an area where there was an abundance of good water and where the land was fertile for the growing of grain for men and mounts. Santa Anna had prescribed that the site must be within twenty-five miles of San Antonio de Bexar.

In the course of his exploration, Peter Gallagher and his party eventually rode northwest toward what is now known as the Texas Hill Country. They may have followed a path which one day would be followed by Gallagher's stagecoaches rattling and banging between San Antonio and Bandera. A day's ride from the Alamo City, they may have spent their first night on the banks of Leon Creek, where, in later years, there would be a stage stop and where in modern times is the small community of Leon Valley, a fifteen-minute drive by modern expressway to downtown San Antonio.

Probably late in the afternoon of the party's second day out, Peter Gallagher topped a rise twenty-odd miles from San Antonio de Bexar and saw, spread out before him to the peaks of distant mountains behind which the sun was setting, the lovely Valley of the San Geronimo River. Below him was the site he would select for Santa Anna's supply base. Below him in this fertile valley with its deep canyons and rugged hills, he would claim 10,000 acres under a grant from the Mexican Government and establish what would become the historic Gallagher Ranch.

INCLUDED in Gallagher's party were some 250 Mexican laborers. Their first task was construction of temporary shelter against the heat of Texas' summer and the bone-chilling cold of winter's blue northers. They built crude huts under the live oaks which shade the present-day ranchhouse and its surrounding gardens and patios.

Peter Gallagher's first construction job probably was the building of his fortress home. He and his party were in a hostile land infested with Comanche, Lipan and Kickapoo Indians. His building site was at the foot of Council Mountain, whose peak was the assembly point for redskins of the area. From its lofty heights smoke signals swept up into the blue, cloud-painted skies in daylight hours. At night, council fires blazed as chiefs and their warriors planned raids on the few white settlers who had invaded the Indians' wilderness.

Gallagher and his Mexican laborers built well. Testimony to the permanence of their work is that Gallagher and his family survived repeated Indian attacks over the years and that the fortress home he built in 1833 still stands.

The original building contained four rooms. It was about a story and a half high, with an immense loft room above the four ground-level chambers. Constructed of matched limestone blocks quarried on the ranch, the massive walls were two feet thick. Its single door was made of hand-hewn oak timbers, and its windows were protected by both iron bars and stout oak shutters which could be closed when danger threatened.

Loop holes and rifle slits on both the ground floor and in the loft room commanded a 360-degree field of fire. The loft was the "citadel," the fortification's strongest point from which the defenders could fire down on any who might dare to attack. A number of these firing positions remain in the building today, protected now by glass.

The end room was the chapel. It was the first room Peter Gallagher completed. His Mexican peons were Catholic, and Gallagher probably was, too. He had a priest out once a month to conduct Mass. It was a two-day trip, then, each way, from Bexar to the Gallagher Ranch. The priests made the trip by horseback.

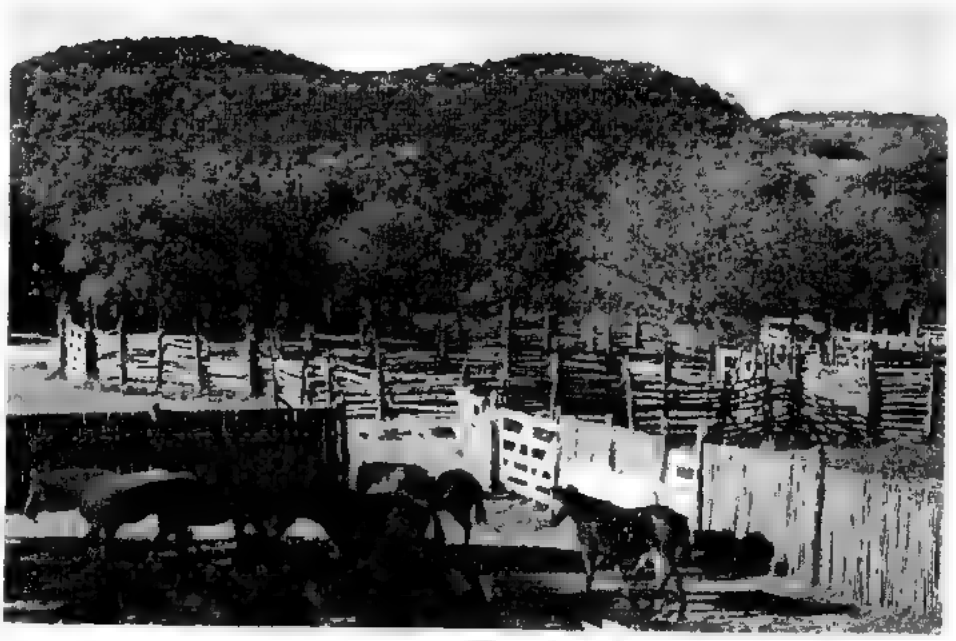
With the completion of his home, Peter Gallagher undertook the largest engineering project involved in development of the supply base. A considerable area of the valley, north of his home and on the west side of San Geronimo River, had been cleared for the planting of grain. To assure adequate moisture to produce abundant crops, the engineer set about to irrigate the area.

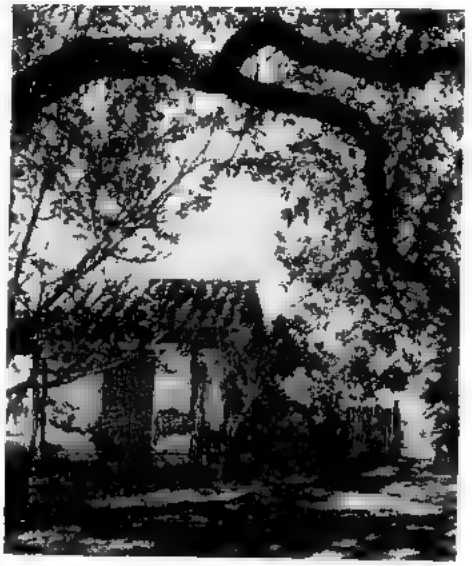
"The San Geronimo was quite a river then," Mrs. McNutt says. "Later accounts say that it was quite impassable at times. There were no bridges, of course, and settlers would keep one another informed as to the condition of the river. Trips to San Antonio could not be made when the San Geronimo was up."

Although the river ran strong at all seasons, its water was not where Peter Gallagher wanted it for his farming enterprise. So he decided to do something about it. Using massive limestone blocks quarried from the surrounding hills, his labor force constructed an aqueduct more than a mile long from the river's edge to the cleared fields. Constructed without the benefit of modern heavy equipment, without cement and concrete, the aqueduct of huge stones, bound together with primitive mortar, still winds along the left bank of a lovely lake created 100-odd years after the aqueduct was built.

"The construction was a marvel of engineering know-how," Mrs. McNutt says. "It operated efficiently when it was built and it operated equally well when I put it in use during World War II. I turned some of the old fields, which I had used as grazing land, into Victory Gardens after we got in the war. With only relatively minor repairs, the aqueduct carried the San Geronimo's water up to the old irrigation ditches."

Peter Gallagher built his fortress home, the aqueduct, and cleared his fields but his work was not completed when Santa Anna's army put the sword and torch to the Alamo in 1836, only to be destroyed soon after by Sam Houston and his Texans at San Jacinto. Santa Anna was sent back in shame across the Rio Grande from where he had come, but his representative on the San Geronimo and his enterprise in the river valley survived the ebb and flow of the bloody fight for independence. Peter Gallagher had never taken Mexican citizenship, but was merely an Irish citizen in the employ of the Mexican Government. When Texas became a Republic, Peter Gallagher became a citizen of the new Lone Star State. The early land titles were not affected.





Council Mountain, above, where hostile Indians gathered to plan raids against white settlers, looms over horse and cattle corrals. The old smokehouse, right, now serves as a tool shed. Lower right, the oldest aqueduct built by Peter Gallagher extends almost a mile from the San Geronimo River to the old fields it once supplied.

Mrs. Mac explains, "After the war was over, he just went on selling to the Texans. He kept on building, using his skill as an engineer here at the ranch, in San Antonio and throughout Texas."

IN THE YEARS between the defeat of Santa Anna and the post-Civil War days, the people at Gallagher Ranch faced the problems of survival on the Southwestern frontier. Foremost of these was saving their scalps, livestock and buildings from Indians who, in the early days, outnumbered the whites and who were determined to drive them out.

Peter Gallagher's home was more fort than domicile and its defenders withstood repeated redskin attacks and kept their hair, although retention of livestock was sometimes another matter. The Kickapoo, Lipan and Comanches soon learned that the two-foot thick walls and stout oak timbers of Gallagher's home were impregnable; but if the people inside the fortress were safe, cattle and other ranch animals outside were not necessarily so. That the Indians were often successful in their raids on the Gallagher livestock is attested to by an account by Mrs. Griff Jones, Gallagher's niece.

The story appeared in the August, 1928, issue of *Holland's Magazine*. The author, Helen Raley, wrote of an interview with Mrs. Jones:

"It was in '69 or '70 that the Indians came. I remember that it had been misty all morning so that the hands had been called from the field work and put to smoking bacon. On the open flat across from the house a dozen or more work animals were grazing. About noon, I saw some queer looking riders circling and cutting in among the horses and mules.

"'Aren't those Indians?' I called to my uncle.

"One look and he hurried to snatch a rifle from the stack always kept behind the door. Peeping out, I watched the Indians as they rode skillfully on their wiry little ponies. There were fifteen, riding

in squads of five. Scarecrow figures they appeared, with pieces of rawhide in which holes had been cut for the feet their only saddles. Those nearest the house . . . even in my fright I noticed . . . wore soldier's uniforms, cast-off or stolen.

"Before my uncle could do anything, the party had gathered up the stock and was on its way. They raided all the ranches on the way to San Antonio. We children grieved because our pet riding horses were carried off.

"In that hurry-scurry, one of the Indian ponies was left. It was a poor, raw-backed beast, and do you know it was two weeks before a detachment of troops rode out to the ranch in *pursuit* of those redskins."

A sequel to the attack described by Mrs. Jones was heard a number of years ago by Mrs. McNutt at a meeting of the San Antonio Conservation Society.

"The first year I was here," Mrs. Mac recalls, "I attended this meeting, and a little bit of dried up, red-haired woman talked to us about the early days. She was a Wassenburg and the first white child born in this area.

"She said the Gallagher Ranch was here and that their ranch was on the other side of the mountains ringing the valley on the west. This was before the Civil War, and the Gallaghers and the Wassenburgs had had their slaves cut a trail over the mountains connecting the two ranches. When Indians raided one ranch the people there would send a rider over the trail to warn the other of danger.

"One time, when she was just a little girl, her father and brothers and two trusted Negro men had gone to San Antonio for supplies. It might have been at the time of the attack on the Circle G described by Mrs. Jones, because Peter Gallagher's niece said the Indians raided all the ranches in this area and on in as far as San Antonio.

"At any rate, Mrs. Wassenburg, her two daughters, and some Negro boys were at the Wassenburg ranch when a Gallagher rider came over the mountain, his horse all covered with lather, to warn that the Indians were out and were even attacking the Circle G.

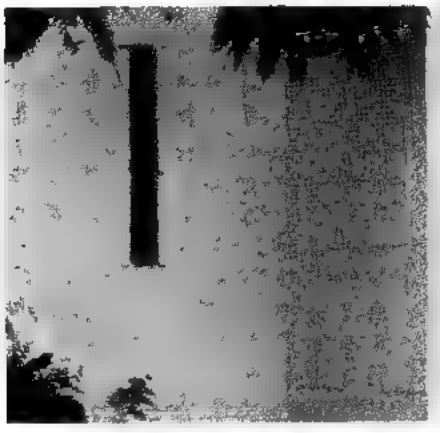
"She gave the Gallagher cowboy a fresh horse and he, with the young slaves, went out to round up the Wassenburg horses and other work animals and drive them into the corral near the ranchhouse. She said her mother was calm and unafraid when she asked if the two little girls would like to have a tea party. Mrs. Wassenburg put a table outside the stockade which surrounded the ranchhouse and its outbuildings and gave the children cups and saucers with which to play.

"While the children played party, apparently unaware of any danger from the redskins, Mrs. Wassenburg made a fire under the wash kettle and began to carry water inside the stockade as though she were going to do laundry. She filled all the kettles, tubs and barrels she had at hand and had just completed her work when she heard the horses coming in.

"Telling the youngsters their party was over, Mrs. Wassenburg hustled her daughters inside the stockade just as the horse herd thundered into the corral. In the huge dust cloud raised by running animals flew Indian arrows loosed by redskins who had concealed themselves in the surrounding timber to ambush the horsemen as they dashed for the stockade.

"Mrs. Wassenburg had made the bluff of making laundry preparations so that she might collect water that would certainly be needed to withstand an Indian siege. She had fooled the Indians into thinking she did not know they were about by having her daughters play outside.

"The stockade's stout gate was closed and barred before the first of the Indians entered the clearing. The defenders had enough water for three days and nights, and weapons, powder and shot were ample to make it hot for the hostiles. The Wassenburg home was under siege for three days and two nights. On the third night, horses in the corral which had been spooky, with the Indians in the woods around the beleaguered ranchhouse, settled down and the defenders figured the redskins had left. The next morning, Mr. Wassenburg, his son and the slaves arrived home."



Rifle slit, left, from where Gallagher and his family fired at attacking Comanches, Kickapoos, and Lipans. Below, Gallagher's fortress home remains much as it was when he fought off raiding war parties. The original building contained a loft which the present owner changed to provide a second story.

PETER GALLAGHER lived at the Circle G until after the War between the States, moving to San Antonio in later life to become one of the Alamo City's leading businessmen and builders. He built the original Menger Hotel, the first good hostelry between San Francisco and New Orleans. He built some of the buildings in the Quadrangle at Fort Sam Houston as well as the old San Antonio post office. He got stone for many of these projects from a canyon on the other side of Council Mountain and hauled it into San Antonio by ox sled. So many government buildings were built of stone from the quarry that the canyon was and still is called Government Canyon.

"I don't know exactly how long Peter Gallagher stayed on this ranch, but in the late '60s, he moved to San Antonio and built a big three-story stone house on the present site of the Alamo Gardens. When they started to restore the Alamo and develop the gardens around it, the Gallagher house was torn down and its stones, quarried here on the Gallagher Ranch, were used to construct the wall now standing at the rear of the gardens."

One colorful project undertaken by Peter Gallagher was operation of an express stage between San Antonio and Bandera. Its equipment banged and jolted along hell-for-leather over the Old Spanish Trail which then connected San Antonio and the Bandera County town which later would be known as the Cowboy Capital of the World. His old fortress home at the Circle G was one of the changing stations. Other stops were at the old Onion house which still stands on the outskirts of San Antonio in Leon Valley and at the two-story adobe and frame building in Helotes, now the home of Miss Marie Connaly.

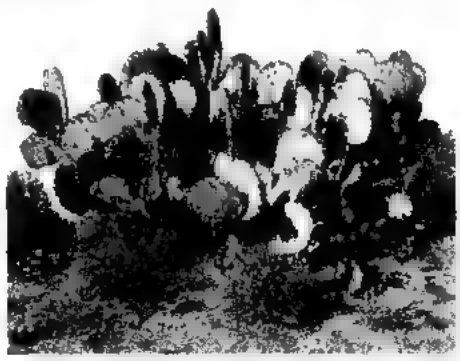
Gallagher's stages, ox-drawn timber sleds, ranchers' wagons and cowboys were not the only users of the trail linking San Antonio and Bandera in frontier days. Outlaws used it to prey on the commerce it carried. Some were notorious Texas gunmen of the day and others were members of Mexican bandit gangs which swept across the Rio Grande to loot and kill. The latter has left a legend of buried treasure supposedly hidden in the caves and canyons of the sprawling Circle G, which was crossed by the old Trail as it snaked its way northwest from Bexar to Bandera.

(Continued on page 61)

The mainstay of roving Indian tribes and of Mexicans in the Southwest when all else failed, has become a delicacy for us gringos—a luxury food well worth battling the thorns

By ARIZONA BOB KUBISTA

Photos Courtesy Author



The NOBLE NOPALES

PREPARING and eating cactus may be new to some, but the Indian and Mexican people of the West have been using it as a staple food for centuries. In this dry and arid region the natives have found many desirable varieties of cactus which are both edible and delicious. Not only are parts of the plant useful as a source of fibre, soap making material, and medicine, cactus is also made into liquor and candy.

Several kinds of saguaro and prickly pear cactus have fruit in season and Indians for ages past have eaten the buds as picked or have preserved them in the form of sweet jams. Barrel cactus is well known as an emergency source of water, obtained by squeezing the wet pulpy center portion. The young green leaves of the prickly pear can be used as a substitute for string beans or prepared as a salad.

Almost all cacti have some usable or edible parts, but the prickly pear is the easiest to identify and obtain. There are no poisonous varieties, and if you get an old plant it will merely be woody or tasteless. Mexican and Indian people can name a host of cacti they prefer, usually calling them by the general term, *nopales*. We have our own names, and the most common of the prickly pears are the beavertail, blind pear, purple-tinge pear, and Engelmann's pear. The four look very much alike.

The beavertail has smooth "paddles" about six inches long and five inches wide. It bears beautiful magenta flowers from April to June, but the deceptively smooth-looking paddles conceal millions of tiny, hair-like, barbed prickles that are difficult to remove from inquisitive fingers. This brownish-green cactus is low growing and rarely exceeds 1½ feet in height.

The blind prickly pear is an erect plant which often rises to two feet. It has flowers in the spring and also has tiny, irritating barbs. This variety can be found all through the West and is common in the desert areas from southern New Mexico into Texas.

The purple, or Santa Rita, prickly pear has decidedly circular purple-colored paddles. It is a high-rising variety with joints which turn a darker color during drought or cold weather. It may tower to five feet, topped by yellow waxy flowers with bright red centers. Its fruit is violet or purple and is used by Indians for candy or jam making. When the grass is short, hungry cattle will eat it in desperation, apparently without ill effects.

FOR COOKING, Engelmann's prickly pear is the most satisfactory. It is also the most common. It can be the largest of all and may grow as high as six feet and cover an area eighteen feet in diameter. The green leaf paddles grow as long as eleven inches, with a thickness of almost one inch. The large lovely flowers have bright yellow petals, and the edible purplish fruit is filled with tiny seeds. On a Sunday drive you should be able to find it in almost any desert area in the Southwest.

Any of the four major kinds of prickly pear "plate" cactus can be cooked throughout the year; however, the best time to pick the young leaves is in the spring. The smaller sized ones are better than the big, floppy-eared kind because they are easier to clean. Still, the tender leaves of any variety of the prickly pear can be eaten. A favorite trick of Mexican women is to over-water their selected plants for several days prior to picking the leaves. The younger plants will swell up and the sharp stiff barbs becoming soft are easily sliced off with a sharp knife.

The young leaves are more tender if their size is under six inches. Do not touch them with your bare hands until they have been scaled. Thick leather gloves, metal hot thongs, or baby bottle clamps can all be used. Prickly pear is called "spineless" but that doesn't mean it has no barbs! The more tender green leaves will be brighter in color than the others on the prickly pear and will be at the very ends of the stems.

Lay the individual leaves on a breadboard. While holding them with a large fork, the hairy barbs can be scaled off exactly as you would clean a fish. If the breadboard is first laid across a bucket, the barbs can be scraped off the edge without touching them with your hands. Next, trim off the other edges of the leaf all around about one third of an inch. A very sharp knife should be used because the skin is hard to cut through. Scrubbing the trimmed leaf with a vegetable brush makes the cleaning job go smoothly. If you have to use pliers to remove the barbs, the leaves you picked are too tough and will probably be tasteless when cooked.

Wash the scaled leaves with a strong spray of cold water or rinse very thoroughly in a large pan. Take time to carefully wash off the breadboard at this point, paying particular attention to removing both the tiny spines and the slippery juice from the leaves. Your cleaned cactus leaves will resemble large, flat, green beans, and can be cooked in many of the same ways.

They can be sliced into strips for use in a salad, or chopped into ½-inch squares if served as a vegetable. After cutting to size, wash all the pieces a second time. Cover with warm water, salt lightly, and boil no more than twenty minutes. This is done whether they are served as part of a salad or in a stew. Cactus leaves cannot be eaten raw.

When the leaves are cooked, do not let them stand in water but drain promptly. Wash in cold water and let them drain again. Now, the basic preparation is done and you can use your own ingenuity, with many recipes to tempt your palate.

GREEN SALADS are easiest to prepare, using light olive oil or garlic-flavored dressings. The sliced and cooked leaves will keep for several days if chilled in a refrigerator. They become pulpy if frozen solid.

They can also be eaten "plain" with nothing more than salt and pepper dusted on them. One favorite salad of mine combines cactus strips with thinly sliced onion, firm tomato chunks, and all sprinkled lightly with an oil and vinegar dressing.

Unusual hors d'oeuvres are simple to prepare, using the small squares of cactus leaf dipped in batter and deep-fried. Topped with a dollop of sour cream or, for contrast, one drop of honey, they are sure to bring compliments from your guests.

Indians enjoy green cactus squares mixed with scrambled eggs. If you have ever used diced onions combined with scrambled eggs, the next time substitute cactus squares for an interesting effect.

When combining cactus with beef or pork, the meat is prepared first. Chop the meat into small cubes and fry in oil or bacon fat. When the meat is done, add the pre-cooked and chopped cactus squares just before serving.

One last recipe can be your own ver-

(Continued on page 57)

The smallest, most tender prickly pair paddles are scraped and trimmed before cooking.

The OIL RUSH WILD WEST

By BILL BURCHARDT

Photos Courtesy Author

Gusher in the Garber-Covington Field in Oklahoma

THE GOLD RUSH WEST had Bret Harte and Mark Twain to chronicle its romance and glamour—to see through the dirt, overcrowding, misery, violence and brutality.

The Oil Rush West was not so fortunate. It was equally vivid and violent, but there were no poets present. Lacking great authors to press-agent its drama with such yarns as *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, the thrilling saga of the Oil Rush West remains largely unwritten.

Those who eye-witnessed this wild era were too overwhelmed and appalled by the grimness which confronted them to see through to the glory beyond. They had not the Harte-Twain gift to see the humor or the drama of the tremendous pageant swirling around them.

I have a letter from a lady, an oil boom eye-witness, which reports, "At age twelve I was looking out of the office window and saw a man murdered. This was in an oil town where Dad published the newspaper for awhile. At fifteen I saw Burkburnett, hub deep in mud and teeming with unkempt men who ogled. It was frightening! It was all a sordid mess to me.

"I found a girl friend. I loved her and spent a lot of time with her—until my dad found out her mother was a prostitute. Pauline was a sweet girl, and her mother seemed very nice. After this revelation, and the murder, Dad decided that an oil boom was no place for us and we moved."

The silver and gold rush towns, Virginia City, Alder Gulch, Tombstone, the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, have all added striking color to the weave that is Americana. Equally colorful, and uniquely so, were the oil rush towns: Seminole, Whizbang, Bowlegs, Drumright, Ragtown, Glenpool's Kiefer.

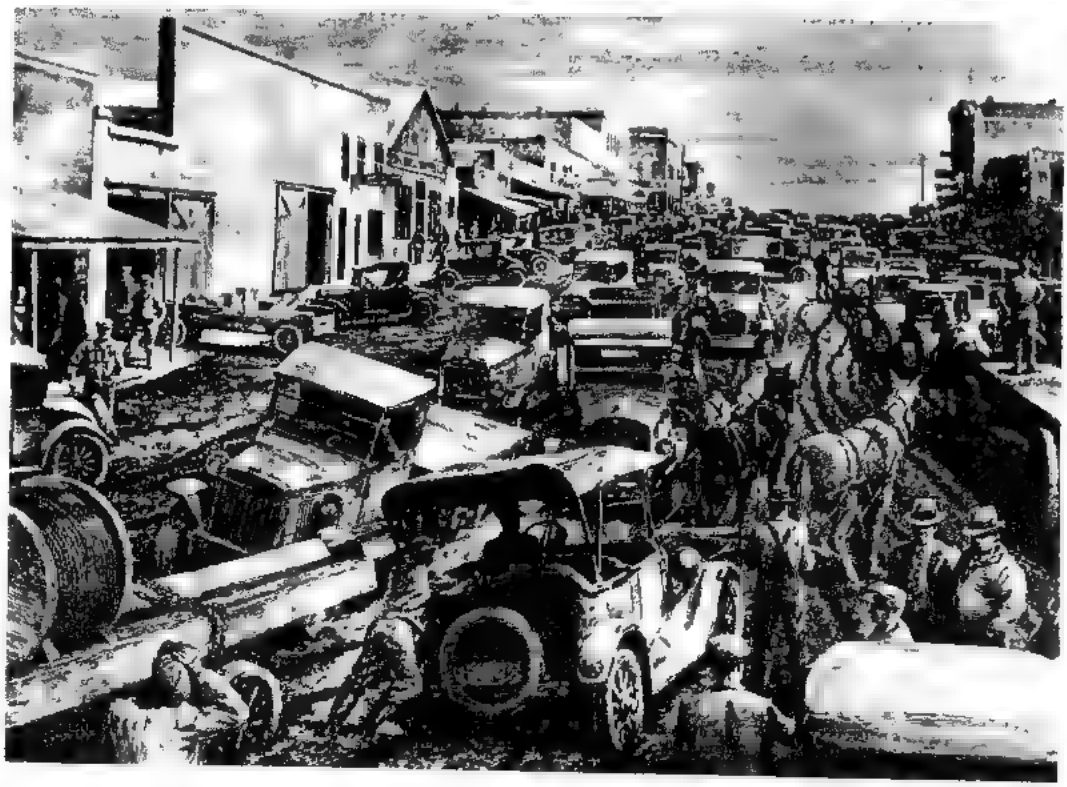
It is an astounding fact that *any single one* of the oil rushes that spawned these towns produced more wealth than *all the gold rushes in American history combined.* Considering this and the short-lived violence that marked the oil rush towns, it seems inevitable that these tumultuous times will someday be immortalized in romantic, melodramatic fiction, as have the gold rush towns.

THERE IS similarity in the circumstances that created both. Gold rush towns were created by the discovery of mineral wealth on, or so near the surface of the earth, that it was available to anyone who luckily chose the right claim and was willing to work. In much the same way came the oil rush towns.

Two elements combined to bring about the birth of an oil boom town. The first was the discovery of oil in a shallow pool so close to the surface that it could be reached by relatively inexpensive drilling. Shallow, low-cost drilling enabled a large number of small companies or individuals to purchase leases and drill on them.

These boomtowns were hardly garden spots, and when men were stuck there with plenty of money and no way to get anywhere else, they naturally spent their free time tearing up the place and each other!

Above, Okmulgee, Oklahoma, in the old Creek Nation. Right, a muddy day, Seminole, Oklahoma, in 1926.



The second element was inadequate transportation. Because they could not commute by air or over high-speed highways, companies and workers had to swarm into the area and live there—in tents, shacks, whatever jerry-built structures they could construct.

Immediately behind them came the saloonkeepers, card sharks, prostitutes and dancehall girls. There was a difference—all dancehall girls were not prostitutes. Many of them were relatively nice, and usually attractive country girls who couldn't resist the free-flowing money of the taxi dancehalls and the chance to be near all those men.

Times have changed in such a way that the oil rush boomtown can never exist again. Drilling has become too expensive, and transportation is too convenient.

Lit by the weird angry flicker of gas waste flares in the night, torn by the endless explosive exhaust of steam-boiler driven cable tool rigs, the clank of tools boring into the earth, air rank with the stench of gas and sulphurous crude, streets of swirling dust or hub-deep mud morass through which freighters drove their plunging teams with blacksnake whips that cracked like gunfire, a more stirring setting can hardly be imagined for the tragedy and comedy of life and death that played out their run in dozens of these wild communities.

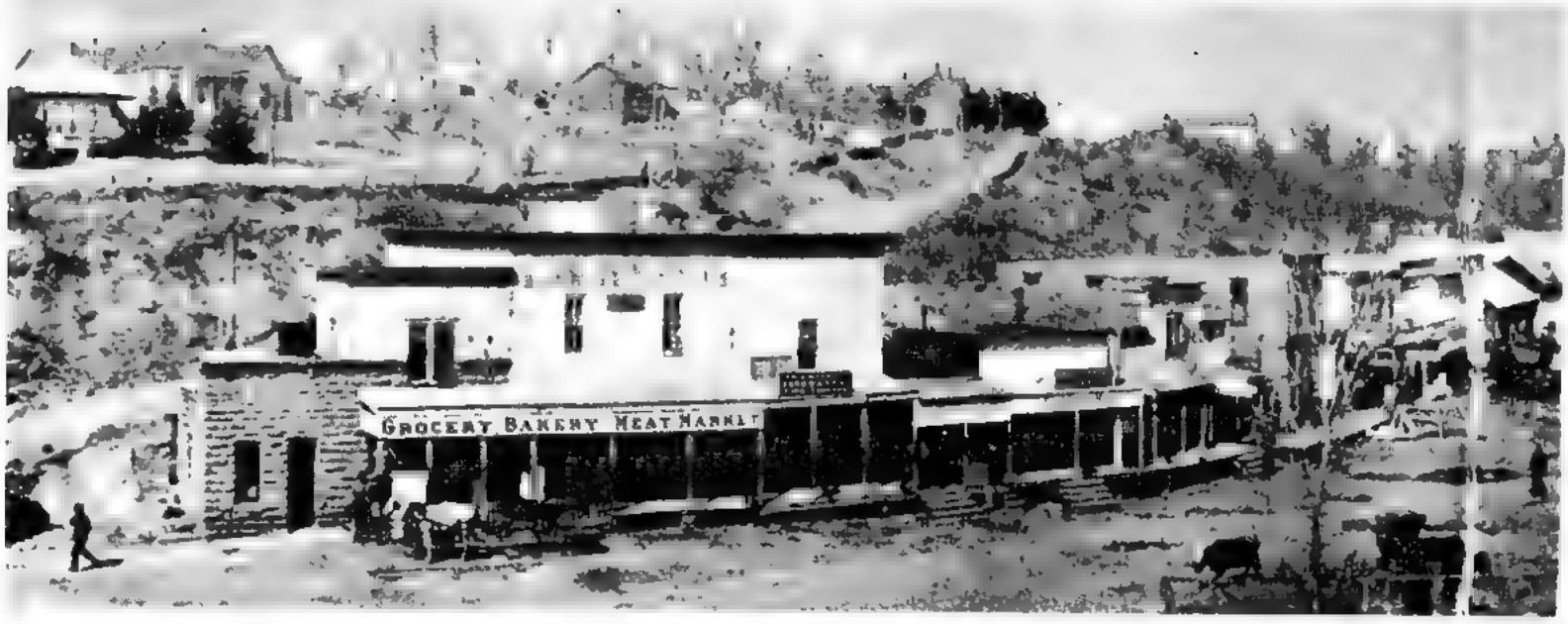
Oil, being liquid, could readily flow across property lines and each operator was forced to drill quick and often, lest he lose his oil to wells on the adjoining lease. The drilling crews of the boomtown era were usually young men, unmarried or unwilling to move their wives and families into the roughness and violence of a town grown overnight to many times its former size, with all the resulting lack of conveniences.

Without family life to stabilize them, the oilfield crews were ready to buy entertainment and amusement in its rawest forms. Riffraff from everywhere saw the opportunity to make a fast buck. In the false-fronted barrooms, dancehalls, pool halls, and gambling joints they built—reminiscent of a western movie setting—the atmosphere became ripe for social explosion.

The explosions were quick in coming. Fortunately for law enforcement, the oil rush towns were born in the 20th Century rather than on the wild and distant frontiers of the 1800s. Rather than roaring open for decades, three or four years were usually sufficient to bring the wildest ones under control and establish law and order, but they were rough while they lasted.

WIRT, nicknamed "Ragtown" because of its abundance of ragged, wind-flapping tents, had a "man for breakfast" most every morning, in the true tradition of the old Wild West.

The population of the oilfield around Ragtown rose almost instantaneously from zero to more than 20,000 men, with



Pawhuska, Oklahoma, during the early days of the Osage oil boom

practically no law enforcement for the oilfield. Carter County's rough and rugged sheriff, Buck Garrett, rounded up 140 gallons of whiskey, ten bootleggers, and a tentful of gambling paraphernalia on his first raid into the area.

When Ragtown lawlessness reached such proportions that the sheriff's force had to be called out every three or four days to quell a riot, Buck Garrett decided to appoint a special oilfield deputy. One deputy to police 20,000 trouble-hunting roughnecks may seem an incredible assignment, but Buck picked quite a man for the job. His name was Bud Ballew.

While he served as oilfield deputy Bud Ballew killed at least eight men in gunfights. His rough methods of law enforcement became increasingly controversial. Then a number of citizens began to ask which side of the law Ballew and Garrett were really on. Gossip charged them with complicity in the oilfield underworld. The charges were never proved, but both were removed from office. Some months later, Bud Ballew was shot and killed in a domino parlor fracas in Wichita Falls, ending the violent career of one of the most legendary of the oilfield lawmen.

The story of Ragtown is laced with bootleg joint shoot-outs, bawdy house cutting scrapes, tortuous political machinations, and the night-riding violence of the Ku Klux Klan.

The story of the Seminole oilfield is another hair-raiser, with variations. Several blackjack towns boomed there in brief fury. Each had its colorful characters.

Bowlegs had Spanish Blacky, a swashbuckling buckeroo who ran a whiskey joint and spent much time on the sidewalk in front of it throwing his long bladed knife into a telegraph pole across the street. This constant practice is said to have had an extremely calming effect on the oilfield roughnecks who might have been inclined to start trouble in his place of business.

In Seminole itself, on notorious Bishop's Alley, stood the Big C, a palace of sin to rival Flood and O'Brian's Exchange in San Francisco during the gold rush days. "Tangle-Eye" Hall, who owned the Big C, eventually wound up in Leavenworth prison.

"Barrel House" Sue and "Big Emma" Smythe maintained a circuit type operation, transporting their "girls" nightly back and forth between Seminole and Bowlegs before the law finally made it so hot for them they departed for the Texas oilfields.

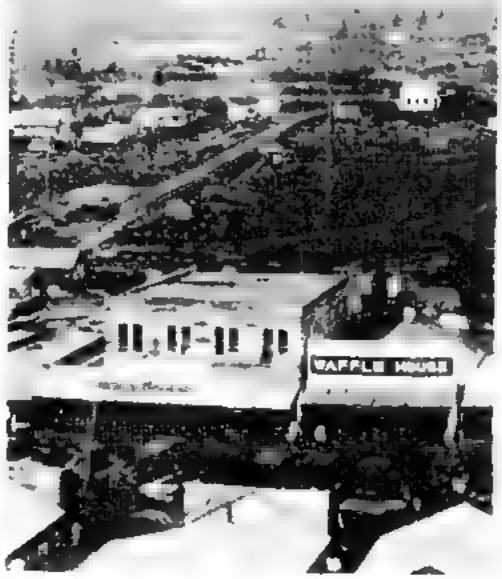
In Cromwell, the city council hired famous frontier marshal Bill Tilghman to bring their town under control. Tilghman, though seventy years old, did his usual thorough job there, even halting a new and particularly vicious traffic of narcotics from Mexico before he was shot down by the hidden gun of a federal prohibition officer who was, you guessed it, drunk at the time.

WILD FACTS gave way to even wilder legends—like the one about the Ragtown hijacker who shot his one-armed victim because he could only hold up one hand, and the tale of the tenderfoot who pulled his buggy out of the solid line of creeping traffic in hub-deep mud between Drumright and Cushing.

The tenderfoot had been on the road for more than an hour and had traveled less than a mile for the road was clogged with teamsters and muleskinners, cursing and urging their laboring teams through the sea of mud. Tired and frustrated, the tenderfoot spied a rough-hewn, unpainted shack saloon beside the road.

With visions of refreshment and stimulation, he pulled his buggy out of the traffic and went into the saloon. In the dim light, he saw the bartender dozing

Freighters in Ragtown (Wirt) in the Healdton Field, Carter County, Oklahoma



Street scene in Glenpool's Kiefer, above. Upper right, derricks of the North Pool near Drumright are reflected in the waters of the Cimarron River. Right, a closer view of the typical structure used in early drilling operations.

at the bar, a drunk sleeping it off on the floor beside the brass rail, and a pair of gamblers drowsing over a card table.

The tenderfoot went to the bar to order his drink, shook the sleeping bartender's arm –and the bartender slid off to collapse in a heap on the sawdust-littered floor. The tenderfoot then realized, in sudden horror, that every man in the room was dead.

The cash register stood open, and empty. A hijacker had apparently entered the saloon, shot everyone in sight, then cleaned out the till. The tenderfoot, ashen-faced, backed to the door, then rushed out to the muddy roadside.

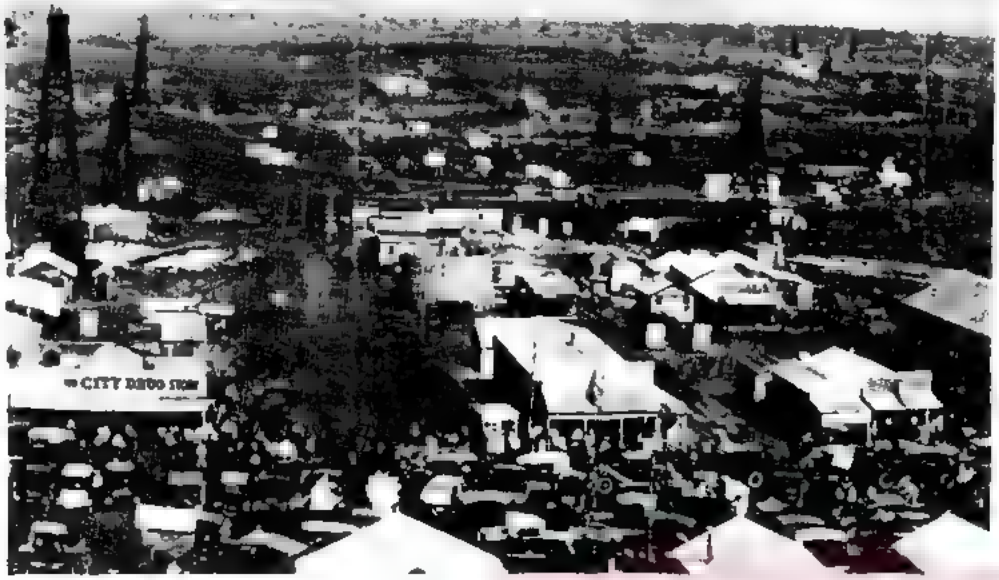
"Stop! Stop!" he shouted at the passing traffic. "Everyone in that place has been murdered!"

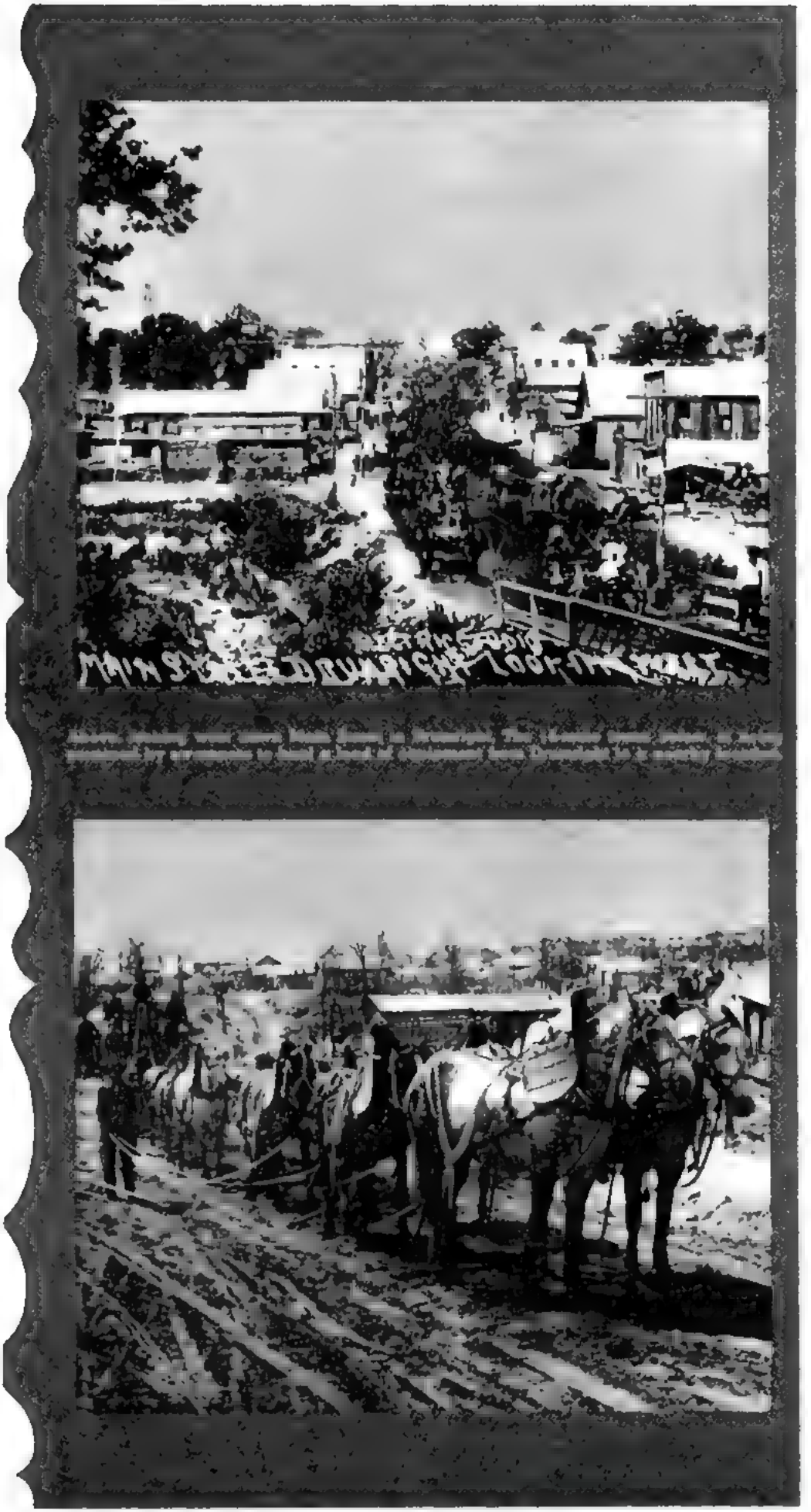
But no one stopped. The teamsters plowed stolidly on through the mire, ignoring the horrified tenderfoot. After all, murder was commonplace, and no one wanted to lose his position in that jammed line of traffic.

All of the stories of the oil rush days do not involve violence and sudden death. The variety is as wide as human experience. One of the favorite yarns to come out of Cushing, and a true one, is of the oil promoter who lived up to his name—Tom Slick.

When Slick brought in the Cushing field discovery well, a flood of promoters poured into Cushing on every incoming train, all loaded with money and eager to bid on the best leases. They need not have hurried. When they arrived in Cushing they found that they were marooned there. Tom Slick had hired

Whiz Bang, a boom town in the Osage Nation





every rig, wagon, buggy, buckboard, and horse in Cushing, and had them held under armed guard while he toured the countryside buying up the leases he wanted.

OKLAHOMA'S first oil rush town was Kiefer, which boomed to life when the famed Glenpool was discovered. An article in a 1907 issue of the *Mounds Enterprise*, which compares Kiefer to a Klondike mining camp, describes the joys of life on Kiefer's "Bowery" under the heading:

HOT TIMES IN THE TOWN

Huddled together as close as saw and hammer can build them is a conglomerate mass of buildings of all sizes. Not a foot of space is left unoccupied. Thirst parlors of all descriptions abound, from the pine board bar where one can quaff the exhilarating "Laughing Water" to the humble glass of red pop.

One arm beaneries, lemonade "as cold as ice can make it!" Bowling alleys, fortune tellers, snake-eaters, popcorn venders. Every conceivable invention to lure the unwise is on the market.

Hawkers and spielers cry out their wares, lewd women intermingle with the ever-rushing throng. A dance-hall has just been launched and the measured shuffling sound of feet is heard in the din of the street, as the fiddle plays "Money Musk" and "Turkey in the Straw." Everybody is making money.

All was not carefree on the Bowery, however, for when the old wooden oil tanks in Kiefer were torn down years later, it was not uncommon to find a human body, punctured with a bullet hole, or the skull caved in, among the settlings in the bottom of the tank.

Perhaps the strongest element in bringing an end to the wild life of the oil boomtowns receives notice in another article in the same 1907 issue of the *Mounds Enterprise*. This article relates:

A Sunday School has been organized in old Mounds school, just south of the oilfield, by some active Christian women who are enjoying a summer outing in tents, and incidentally taking care of their husbands who are developing the country by delving into the earth's depths for its long-stored riches.

The ladies scrubbed and thoroughly cleaned the schoolhouse, making it a cheery place in which to gather the children. The members have also purchased a cabinet organ.

As wives and families moved in, churches and schools were built. Increasing demands of oilfield wives for law and order closed the dens of iniquity more effectively than the flaming guns of oilfield lawmen ever could. Hijackers, gamblers, bootleggers, and the "ladies of the night" left town or went to jail, and the sounds of the church organ replaced the scraping fiddle and tinkling honky-tonk piano.

A modern oilfield is a well regulated business, operated under conditions no longer conducive to the wide open days of "flush production." It is a good thing. But before the turn of the century and up to the mid-1920s, an oil rush town wore the hair on the outside.

By THEODORE BRUSHA
as told to
MARY ALICE BRUSHA

From a sketch by Pat Brusha

The GLORY DAYS of the FEED and GRAIN SACKS

They say everything is good for something—but this is a story about something that was good for everything!

HARDLY anything contributed more to to the physical comfort and well being of pioneer families or hardly anything was more prized by the womenfolk, than the never-to-be-forgotten feed and grain sacks.

My first recollection of the absolute true love my grandma had for those cotton bags was one of the many trips that we kids were allowed to make with our grandparents from the homestead to town for supplies.

Our place was located about a mile west of what is now Cashmere, Washington, but in 1880 there was no Cashmere. At the time my grandparents settled in the area, the nearest store and supply center was Leavenworth, ten miles from our home.

Newcomers used to say that the road had been laid out by a couple of seasick chickens. And it was a curvy piece of highway. We kids seemed to be forever tumbling, turning, twisting and toppling over each other as we rode over deep ruts gouged into the dirt by wagons loaded with grain for the mills.

There were ten children in our family, but never more than six of us at one time went to town with our grandparents. Even with all the jolting and jogging, we always made it there in fine shape. My, how we looked forward to those trips! Those were wonderful days.

After the mules were watered and tied, we were given a bag of hard candy and licorice sticks. Grandpa took off for the barber shop and Grandma, after giving my oldest sister explicit instructions on how to take care of the rest of us, went off to buy the supplies. We kids stayed around the wagon, played in the dirt, and ate candy.

When it was time to go home, Grandpa backed the wagon up to the store, where the supplies were stacked, and began tossing them to us boys.

"Squire! Be careful, don't tear my sacks!" Grandma would cry out.

How very many times I've heard those words. That's all it took. Grandpa would stop, glance at Grandma, and slowly without a word to anybody finish loading the wagon by himself.

Now, my grandpa wasn't a careless man. He was seventy-five years old but still as active as a man of forty, and without a single gray hair in his head. He weighed about 30 pounds less than Grandma's 200, but he didn't let her boss him around. He just let her think she could. If anyone should have known just how dear those bags were to Grandma, it was Grandpa.

Today, at the age of sixty-three, I can fully appreciate Grandma's feelings. I can see where after a trip of ten miles with half a dozen kids in the back of a wagon, driving a team of balky mules, straining to see through a haze of dust with the sounds of, "Sit down here!" and "Be still there!" a man could get a bit nervous. I was eight years old, the time we made our last trip to town with Grandpa.

Maybe he had been in a hurry to get the supplies loaded. The fact remains, my grandma was a very frugal woman, and she was looking out for her own needs at home.

Like my own mother, Grandma used the sacks for practically everything in the line of family clothing and household linens, all the way from furniture and mattress coverings to baby diapers. I don't believe any other item has served as many purposes as those cotton bags. If my memory serves me right, everything we hauled back to the homestead—feed, seed, sugar, cereal, salt, grain and flour—was packaged in one kind of sack or another, some large, some small.

MY GRANDPARENTS were Squire and Alginora Stuart. In 1880 they moved their possessions from Utah by wagon to Ellensburg, Washington, from where by pack horse they took their meager belongings around Blewett Pass to their 160-acre claim at the lower end of the Wenatchee Valley. They were among the first settlers on that part of the Wenatchee River.

In the Stuart family were seven boys and one girl, my mother, Martha. She was fourteen years old, the first white girl in that vicinity.

Even though the Chinook Indians had all been placed on a reservation, in the spring they came down the river to fish. One day an Indian buck and his squaw came to my grandparents' home. After about on hour of hand signals, grunts and giggles, Grandpa finally understood that the man wanted to trade his squaw for a "Cluck-Cluck," and a couple of white feed bags, hanging on the clothesline. The Indians had been using that part of the river to take heat baths and the man needed a towel.

That was the beginning of my mother's interest in the Indian tribe who once lived on the land now owned by her parents. She learned the Chinook tongue and could speak the language as fluently as the Indians within a few years. On numerous occasions she acted as their interpreter.

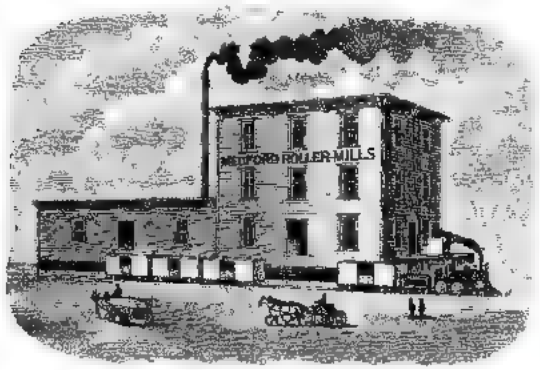
The same Indian squaw who had been bartered by her husband brought my mother a sack doll one Christmas,

(Continued on page 54)

Courtesy Authors

Ezra and Martha Brusha, parents of Theodore Brusha. 1925. Mrs. Brusha, with her parents, was one of the earliest settlers in the Leavenworth, Washington area. Below is a letterhead of the flour mill at Medford, Oregon, established by A. A. Davis.

Courtesy Scott Davis



Glass & Prudhomme Lith. Portland, Or.

It takes a lot of money to make a man decide he'd rather be dead than not to have it. In this case, two men made that decision . . .

PAI PAI DECEIT

By CHARLES BISHOP
as told to
ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

Charles Bishop of California, active prospector and gem collector, lives in a ghost town (Atolia) some miles from his postal address of Red Mountain. He has just returned from a month's trip to the mountains of Utah on a topaz search. Traveling alone, he found a new topaz location and collected many of the gems before he slipped, injured his back, and decided it was time to come home before storms closed in the mountains. His gold specimens and crystal collections are in many museums in the Southwest.

IN 1906 few places offered a youth more adventure than Mexico's Pai Pai Indian country in Lower California. I was fourteen and had already worked my way from the farm in Minnesota to the mine fields of central Mexico. Minerals held a certain fascination so I moved from mine camp to mine camp learning all I could. Then word came that new gold finds were being made in Lower California.

I was feeling pretty confident in my prospecting ability by then, so with youthful enthusiasm I started for the dangerous but virgin territory. Teaming up with Manuel Cota, a Mexican miner some years my senior, we headed south of Ensenada.

The country was rough and the Indians had a reputation for ambushing pack trains. There were places where you could see through the cactus growth, but most of the time the chaparral and miniature forest of thorn and needle shut out the view and made the going extra slow. Our pack train moved over steep, boulder-strewn terrain. It was impossible to travel without giving warning to anyone living in the area as hoofs striking rocks or small avalanches starting downward seemed to thunder in the desert silence.

This was an uncharted, unfriendly country. Canyons, steep and rugged, yawned at our feet; walls of rock closed in, and there was always the feeling that eyes were watching our every move. We tried to act as if there were no one else around, and stopped to prospect every likely-looking formation. We hit small pay streaks but none were good enough to delay us for long; there was always the hope of something much better a little farther on.

Far south at old El Alamo we decided to settle down and work out a fair location not far from town. An adobe house was available and became our home for most of the time during the next seventeen years.

We had been there only a short time when my partner, Manuel, became acquainted with a Pai Indian in one of the neighborhood *cantinas*. A few drinks and the Indian was boasting of knowing where gold was in great yellow chunks in the rock. Manuel knew it would spoil everything if he showed any interest in the gold story, but he did make a point of having a few drinks with the fellow every time the Indian appeared in town.

THE PAIS, south of El Alamo, were a small group, a branch of the Catarina Yumas, having very little income except for the sale of lard, honey and beeswax. Manuel found out that his friend, Quai Tano, came to town to sell what his people had collected and to buy food with whatever the items produced. Usually Quai Tano took care of his business, had a drink or two, and then started for home.

Late one night a Mexican came to our house and said that the Indian was in serious trouble and wanted Manuel to help him. When we reached the jail, a most dejected figure sat huddled in the corner. Quai Tano became so excited when he saw us that his effort to explain what had happened was only a rush of sounds, neither Mexican nor Indian. Eventually bits of information became clear; Quai Tano had drunk up the *rancho*'s income which meant real trouble when he got home. At the moment he was in worse trouble right in El Alamo—becoming involved in an argument, he had knifed a fellow and now was being held for payment of damages.

Moaning and repeating over and over that he would be banished from the *rancheria* if his father, Chief Jose Sanchos, found out about the trouble, Quai Tano begged for a loan. If we would pay the fine and buy the supplies he had come to town to purchase, it would save him from tribal disgrace for no Pai Pai ever associated with the townspeople or wasted another's hard-earned money.

Though Quai Tano promised to pay the money back and never again get drunk, Manuel kept shaking his head in refusal.

"How do we know you will pay money back?"

Quai Tano seemed real sincere as he kept saying, "You save me, I not forget! I hunt hard for more bees, sell more honey, pay you."

I would have trusted him and had the fine paid, but Manuel was not so easily persuaded. He asked the Indian what he could leave for security.

"My word is good, that I give you," was all that Quai Tano could offer.

"Your word may be good to another Pai," was Manuel's reply, "but how do I know it is good for me?"

When it became apparent that we were going to leave the fellow in jail, he suddenly "decided to remember" the rock sample in his pocket. "Here, this pay you."

Realizing now that Manuel was playing for high stakes, I kept in the back-

Chief Sanchos, extreme left, and his family at Rancho Dolores in 1908. The young Indian with hand on roof is Quai Tano, who promised Bishop and his partner a look at the gold deposit. This rancheria was destroyed by a flood in 1911 and never rebuilt.

Bishop's home, above, in El Alamo, where he lived on the edge of Pai Pai Indian country, 1906-1923. Upper right are buildings along the main street of El Alamo in Baja California, as photographed by Bishop in 1908. Charles Bishop, right, at 75, still hunts for gem crystals, and holds a quartz crystal he carried many miles recently, after finding it in California's Greenhorn Mountains.

ground and marveled at my partner's calm refusal to touch the rock which showed good-sized nuggets sticking out. Manuel laughed at the Indian, "You think that little rock will pay the fine? It would take a mountain of that to pay what you owe. Pais nearly starve all the time. If that rock was any good, you would sell."

Quai Tano beamed, "Big hole covered with rock. Have curse for Pai Pai, but Quai Tano show Manuel and friend where to find."

Manuel sat thinking about the offer and kept the anxious Indian waiting until Quai Tano added, "You come Rancho Dolores many days after I get home, so Chief Jose not question. I take you to where I find this."

Manuel seemed very reluctant to pay out the fifty *pesos* for the fine and food on such a promise, but I thought it was a small amount to gamble on the prospect of such a gold deposit. It was well that my youthful eagerness was offset by Manuel's past dealings with Pais. He explained his reluctance on the way back to the house after arrangements were made to release Quai Tano in the morning.

My partner felt that we could not take the Indian's promise for granted as the whole thing might be conveniently forgotten once he was back in Pai country. The ore sample could have been stolen from a going mine operation, and could have been used as bait on others before we came to El Alamo. The Pais were known for their unfriendly attitude toward anyone coming into their country and the trip to Rancho Dolores could end in disaster.

On the other hand, if Quai Tano was really the Chief's son, he would probably live up to his word to prevent his father's finding out about the trouble he had been in—if we reached the Rancho alive.

IN A FEW DAYS Manuel loaded his pack animal and started for the back country. It would take him two days to reach the *rancheria*. I was to follow in two days and if all had gone well, he would be starting back and we would meet on the trail. If I didn't meet him, then he had run into trouble and I should be extra careful.

Every danger, counter-attack, and method of rescue raced through my mind. The two-day wait was torture. We could be heading into a real gold bonanza or we could be just two more prospectors who went into the back country never to be heard of again.

When I left El Alamo my equipment looked just as it always did when I started out on a prospecting trip. I carried no visible weapon to arouse suspicion or give the Indians an excuse to shoot. Under my jacket in an arm holster was a .36, which gave me some small feeling of protection.

Until now the thought of ambush had always lent spice to the adventure, but the present threat of hidden eyes following my every move, and probable guns leveled at me was a bit too realistic. Quai Tano had had plenty of time to regret his promise and to plan a trap; dead men never talk. His secret would be safe, the gold would be safe, and no one would ever know what happened along the trail. The two-day wait before I followed Manuel had been bad, but now that I was on the trail the worries grew.

We had never prospected in the hostile Pai country, so I tried to keep my mind occupied studying the geological formations. When a slight northerly breeze started a movement of the vegetation, there was the increasingly anxious question—was the movement from wind or man? Dense growth would crowd onto the narrow trail, and I tensed against the possibility of a brown hand suddenly reaching out and pulling me into oblivion.

As the morning of the second day wore on, I knew that Manuel was in trouble. The flutter and circling of birds along the mountain just above the trail left no doubt that someone was keeping an eye on me. There was no thought of turning back, because my arrival might be just the thing that would keep them from harming him.

The mountains closed in on both sides; the trail grew steeper and crawled between boulders. It was only by sheer will power that I kept climbing, slouched in the saddle in what I hoped was a relaxed manner. An almost overpowering temptation to have my gun out, ready for the trouble that waited around the next boulder, was my chief burden.

INTENT on searching every opening along the trail, I was surprised when the boulders ended abruptly and there before me lay a settlement of scattered huts. Rancho Dolores! The box-like buildings of poles and adobe roofed with brush, presented one of the poorest Indian villages or *ranchos* I'd ever seen. No one stirred; only a few skinny dogs came out to meet me.

Dismounting, I walked toward the largest and best looking building, calling, "Chief Sanchos! Jose Sanchos! Quai Tano?"

It was no surprise that everyone was in hiding; this was usual when the people had been warned of a stranger approaching. I waited, called again, then waited—over and over. After what seemed like hours, a door opened and a tall, well-built man of middle-age stood looking at me.

"*Donde esta* Señor Quai Tano?" I tried to sound calm and polite.

The fellow shook his head and spread his hands to indicate that he did not understand.

"Señor Jose Sanchos?" Again he shook his head but uttered no sound.

After my repeated questions, he suddenly answered me in as good "Mexican" as I'd ever heard. It seemed that Quai Tano was nowhere about and he knew nothing of a Manuel Cota.

He turned as if the conversation were ended but I kept asking for Manuel, and pointed out the hoofmarks that belonged to Manuel's pack animal. The man shrugged and just "remembered that they had gone to find a lost horse."

When I insisted on more information as to when and where they had gone, he seemed to become a little more friendly and offered to show me the way. I didn't know whether to accept or decline; either

(Continued on page 68)

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Little Wound, with war bonnet decorated with scalp locks on end of feathers; beaded leggings and moccasins; and red stone pipe

Photos from book courtesy Ben Carlton Mead

TWENTY YEARS among our HOSTILE INDIANS

PLAINSCRAFT

WHEN the Indian first came into intercourse with the white man, his most eager desire was to secure knives, hatchets, and kettles. He usually cooked his food by broiling it, or by semi-boiling it in a pot made of fresh hides, or in hollowed wooden receptacles which answered the purpose of kettles. In these water was poured, and heated by hot stones which were constantly thrown in. When on the chase, and hungry, he often ate his meat raw and bloody just as it was cut from the newly-slain animal.

Taste did not figure at all in the Indian's manner of preparing his food. His only thought was to appease his hunger, not to gratify his palate. Everything was cooked in miscellaneous fashion, a potpourri or mess of which everybody partook while it lasted. Though the Indians ate only once a day, it must not be supposed that they had only one meal during every twenty-four hours. The meal, if there was enough of it and the diners were hungry, lasted the whole twenty-four hours through. They sat around the kettle, or the roasted animal, and ate until satisfied, eating again when sufficient appetite returned. The Indian meal was simply a daily gorge—the white man's three meals in one. If another member of the tribe chanced to enter the lodge while food remained, he was at liberty to help himself.

When food was scarce—for the Indian was the personification of improvidence—they would endure hunger uncomplainingly. In desperate straits they would eat skins, their moccasins, roots, buds—and the bark of trees were not despised. In times of want, as long as their ponies and dogs lasted, they did not fast long at a time. They didn't use salt with their food or as a condiment; they did not have it and were not accustomed to its use.

In eating jerked meat, they rarely cooked it at all. It was left until thoroughly cured, when the entire family could munch it all day. None of the fruits or berries that grew wild in their country were cooked, but were eaten just as they were gathered, or in dried form.

They sometimes put the *pomme blanche* — a species of wild carrot—in their pots to boil with meat, but as they kept the pots boiling for a long time, the contents were eventually reduced to pulp, and the mess became a thick mass of nameless soup. Their manner of cooking fish was to boil them, sometimes putting in the *pomme blanche* which, when boiled with fish, made a disgusting dish.

They also cooked fish by digging holes in the ground, in which they made a fire, and, placing the uncleaned fish in the hot ashes and coals, left them to bake. Fish cooked in this way, with the help of a sharp appetite, could be eaten, although I must say that I did not relish it. They also broiled fish over hot coals, first placing a stick in the fish's mouth, and holding it over the fire, turning it until done.

The first coffee they had was taken from some emigrants crossing the plains, whom they killed. They boiled the green coffee for a long time, and not being able to make anything palatable out of it, they wondered what the white people did with it. This they afterward learned, and became very fond of coffee, especially when well sweetened.

THEIR MANNER of selecting chiefs varied somewhat with different nations; there was no gradation, as a rule,

From a book by J. Lee Humfreville, describing the characteristics, customs, habits, religion, marriages, dances and battles of the wild Indians in their natural state. Hunter & Company, Publishers, New York, 1899.

between the chiefs of tribes of the same nation. In some of the nations they became chiefs by heredity. The honor was handed down from father to son, though it was necessary in all cases that the son should have the ability and courage to maintain his position after he had once secured it. Merit and personal attractions had their weight. In other nations a man was made chief by common consent, usually by the warriors of the tribe. There were many jealousies between chiefs and those who aspired to the office. Occasionally these jealousies resulted in the death of the chief or the aspirant, or both.

An Indian who was once made chief of his tribe would almost rather lose his life than the position. He would fight for it to the death. This is one reason why there were so many tribes of the same nation. Those who desired to follow a certain man or chief would secede from the original tribe and form themselves into a new one, taking some name by which they might be distinguished from their old tribe. This was particularly true of the Utes. It was regarded as necessary that a chief should be able to make a logical speech to his tribe. It was not so essential that he should show great bravery in battle.

A chief did not exercise supreme control over his entire people, nor were his counsels always taken. In the majority of instances he was simply a leading man, to whom the others looked for advice and instruction. When in camp he was little more than any other Indian, and had usually about as much control over the actions of individual members of his tribe as the mayor of a city would have over one of its citizens. When in battle, however, there must be one in command, and it was generally a noted chief, whose ability in this direction had been tested on many previous occasions. Even then he did not have anything like the control over his warriors that an army officer has over his troops. The warriors in battle usually fought independently, and could not therefore be subject to the command of any one, though the chief might from time to time give orders which were obeyed with promptness.

The chiefs of tribes were sometimes deposed, although this was rare. This was accomplished by a leader who, aspiring to be a chief, would create dissension in a tribe, and take as many followers with him as possible. Should the new leader, in setting up for himself an independent tribe, be able to reduce the adherents of the old chief to such an insignificant number as to be unable to defend themselves against their enemies, they either followed the new leader or abandoned the old chief and joined another tribe of their nation, thus leaving the deserted chief to seek some tribe to which he could adhere for protection.

Should the position of chief become vacant, and there be two or more aspirants for the office, a struggle followed. The bitterest passions of the rivals were aroused to such a degree that they became engaged in personal, deadly conflict, and fought to the death with tomahawks or knives. To become a chief it was sometimes necessary for one of the braves to be the hero of two or three bloody personal combats. When this was the case, he asserted himself as chief, and all recognized him as such. Should any one demur to his authority the person so objecting was bound to enter into personal combat with him. In all such cases the chieftainship was determined by the survival of the fittest.

This Minneconjoux Sioux shows a typical style of facial painting and ornamental decoration.

The office of chief had no compensation or emolument attached to it. It was honorary, laborious, and its duties were performed without thanks. There was no insignia of rank, except the headdress of eagle feathers worn by distinguished chiefs on ceremonial occasions and occasionally in battle; a chief did not dress better than the majority of the members of his tribe. Indians all wished to rule; this created a great deal of jealousy and ill-feeling. A chief had to secure his living in the same manner as the others, neither did he possess the great power usually attributed to him in fiction.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS we see today of Indians generally represent them as wearing shirts, hats, coats, woolen leggings, and other articles of civilized apparel. During my time among them no wild Indian wore shirts or any wearing apparel whatever after the fashion of the white man. His dress usually consisted of a pair of moccasins, buckskin leggings reaching up to the thigh, a breech-cloth and a buffalo robe. Occasionally one would have a buckskin shirt or jacket elaborately decorated with beads, porcupine quills, and Iroquois shells; it was fringed at the bottom and on the lower part of the sleeves. In their hair they wore a few feathers, usually those of the eagle, wild turkey, or hawk. At a later period the men wore woolen shirts, and red or blue flannel for their breech-cloths and leggings.

They were fond of personal finery, and would decorate and adorn themselves with all sorts of trinkets. Brass and copper wire for wristlets and armlets were favorite decorations with both sexes. The brass ornaments of a soldier's hat or cap were much prized by them. Broken cross sabres, cross guns, old epaulettes, tassels, letters and figures of regiments were placed in their headgear in almost every conceivable manner. If they could procure a soldier's discarded hat or cap with the ornaments on, to which they would add feathers and trinkets, they considered that they were dressed in the height of fashion. Any and all decoration, no matter how ridiculous, would be proudly worn in the most conspicuous manner.

I once saw some Sioux Indians on the South Platte, decked out in the most fantastic style. Some of them had old discarded white and black plug hats, decorated with the soldiers' ornaments I have mentioned. In many cases the hats were much too large for the wearers, wresting on the top of his ears; others were much too small, sitting only on the top of the head. Another wore an old vest, many sizes too large, but buttoned up to the last button. Several had large, flaming red ties around their necks, with no shirt, collar, or other article of civilization on them. As they moved about in the most dignified manner in this peculiar uniform, several of the men who wore tall hats suddenly dropped the buffalo robes from their bodies, leaving as the only wearing apparel in view, the tall hats and breech-cloth, presenting a laughable spectacle.

No Indian would wear trousers. He drew the line at this article of apparel. If he secured a pair, he would immediately cut the legs off halfway between the knee and the hip, rip open the outer seam and have his wife sew them skin tight down the leg, leaving the surplus cloth on the outside of the seam. Some of them decorated the surplus strips of cloth with beads, deer and antelope hoofs, and frequently with scalps cut up for the purpose, so that, when walking or riding rapidly, they presented a striking appearance.

The women's dress consisted of a pair of moccasins, leggings reaching to the thigh, a low-necked, short-sleeved, buckskin skirt extending below the knee, the lower edge ornamented with fringed buckskin, a buffalo robe or blanket, and around the waist a belt made of hide and decorated with brass buttons, beads or porcupine quills when they could procure them. Though from long usage such articles of dress were dirty and greasy beyond description, nevertheless, they were highly prized, for they were the only ones the Indian woman had.

Every Indian, big, little, old or young, wore a belt. To the male's belt was attached a sheath knife, tobacco pouch, and other paraphernalia; to the woman's a sheath knife, small pouches containing bone awls and needles, and other feminine notions.

Painting their faces and bodies was also a favorite way of decorating themselves. When they could procure the colors, they painted their faces in stripes

(Continued on page 56)

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Wild Old Days!

IRON THAT RUNS . . . AND FLIES . . . AND CRAWLS

By Robert L. Wagner

THERE IS an old notion that Art is only found in museums and galleries. When you meet a man like Charlie Wilson, that idea is immediately exploded. At the end of a grass and gravel driveway, alongside his home on Williamson Creek near Austin, Texas, is a workshop filled with Wilson's unique objets d'art.

Although he has been employed by The University of Texas for twenty-six years as a cement finisher, he was, prior to that, a marvelously rolling stone. Traveling all over the United States—as man and boy—he saw many of the things he recreates in iron today. However, it was only a year or so ago that he turned his talents to the designing of birds, animals and men. In the construction of these figures, everything is grist for Wilson's artistic mill. On one trip to a junkyard he collects enough discarded metal to last for weeks.

His finished products, which range in size from a few inches to, perhaps, two feet in height, are all made of iron, welded together and painted black. Their construction might include pieces of a Stillson wrench, pliers, files, bits of chain, pipe fitting, can openers, nails, hatchets, pruning shears, horse shears, bicycle chains and any other iron object which Charlie's eye tells him is needed.

From these are fashioned a paisano, or roadrunner, with a lizard in its beak—caught in the act of speeding down the highway. Two angry horned toads form the next tableau. The Texas Longhorn—in all its rangy independence—is a recurring theme. The lumbering turtle and armadillo find their places, as does the cowboy on horseback, with his lean Don Quixote-type figure astride the moving cow pony. Mr. Wilson breathes life into all of these figures. And everything he does is taken from nature.

From whence comes this eye? His upbringing on an Oklahoma farm (he was born there in 1906) gave him a direct course in Southwestern life. It allowed him to observe birds, animals and insects at close range. They made a deep impress which he dredges up from memory in designing his models. Furthermore, he has always been interested in the craftmanship of architecture and painting. Nearly anything which possesses form and structure appeals to him.

Charlie's use of iron as a medium of expression is a felicitous choice. Iron lends itself to the sparse economy he demands of his finished products. For instance, in making a Longhorn steer, you might say he suggests only 'the bare facts of a cow"—and yet it is perfectly recognizable even down to its ornery disposition. There is nothing extraneous or overdone in the figure. Also there is a sinewy toughness to his cowboys that only iron can reflect.

Wilson's fidelity to line and proportion is remarkable; his craftmanship is always indigenous. The fireplace for his house on the lake is made of the flat rock limestone found in the area. The bits and

Courtesy Robert Smith

Ingenuity and lively animation are the hallmarks of Charlie Wilson's creations. The example above depicts the movement with which he endows his subjects. Roadrunners, horses, figures of all sorts are always "going places."

pieces of iron that go into the creation of his models are homely, everyday items.

WILSON had an adventurous youth, spending about ten years of his early life as an itinerant worker—hobo, if you like. He followed the harvest from early spring until late fall—clear into Canada. Running a wheat combine or the separator on a threshing machine is an old story to him.

He worked in the Borger oil fields of the Texas Panhandle during the early Twenties when the Texas Rangers were brought in to restore order to an unruly population. In those days he "rode the rods" to get from place to place and it was years before he could hear a train whistle and not get restless.

On one occasion he was working in Oklahoma chopping cotton. Nearby a freight train was toiling up a steep grade. Wilson threw his hoe into a handy pond and clambered aboard an empty boxcar. He left belongings and several day's pay in the farmhouse—and never did get back to collect. During this period of a decade or so, he seldom slept in a bed, and he was so inured to hardship he could lie down in a snowstorm and go to sleep.

As a boy he was forever poking into things and asking questions. This exasperated his hardworking daddy, who used to tell him, "Charlie, you know too much about everything and not enough about anything."

It was this sort of "constructive criticism" on the part of other people that caused him to attend and graduate from a barber college. But he just couldn't stand around inside a building waiting for customers to show. Since then, Charlie has always earned his living working outdoors.

The figures Wilson cuts, shapes and welds together have been sold all over the United States for excellent prices. But his reason for bringing them into existence is not primarily for the money. When you ask him the question, "Why do you work so hard at what some people would consider merely a hobby?" his reply is simple.

"It gives me satisfaction."

Mr. Wilson found out years ago that when he got interested in something, he had to see it through. "I've got a head that's hard to steer any other way."—Reprinted through the courtesy of *Texas Parade*, Austin, March 1966 Edition.

CHRISTMAS IN PIONEER NEBRASKA

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON was a mixed joy to the early pioneers of Nebraska. It usually offered a time for worship and recreation, but it brought some regret because more could not be afforded for the children.

Mollie Dorsey who lived with her parents and younger brothers and sisters on a farm in Johnson County wrote in her diary on Christmas Day, 1857:

"I have seen more festive occasions, but after all we were all together, all well, and blest with good appetites. Spent the afternoon in talking over old times with the folks. One can live over the pleasures of the past. How true that we do not dwell long upon the sad. The day has been clear and not very cold. We took a little walk just to get the fresh air and aid digestion. No presents were exchanged for the very reason there was nothing to be had. We fixed up the little folks what we could. Poor little tots, they attribute the absence of Santa Claus to not having any chimney. Our stove pipe goes through a hole in the roof. I wish I might write something nice tonight but cannot."

Christmas Days were more satisfactory

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for the children once their parents had time to develop the pioneer farms. On December 30, 1878 Mrs. Uriah Oblinger wrote to her parents describing Christmas as celebrated on the Oblinger homestead in Fillmore County.

"The children want me to tell you what they got in their stockings at Christmas. They had quite a time hanging their stockings. They had to hang up Maggie's (their baby sister) stocking too. Ella got a second Reader and Stella got a Primer and Maggie a rubber rattle box and they all got some candy. . . . We were at home on Christmas Day. Giles and Sade came over and took dinner with us. We killed a rooster and I baked a cake and we had a very nice time. Uriah tried to kill a Jackson (jackrabbit) but did not succeed. I think I will have some crullers for New Years."

Pioneer Christmas celebrations were community as well as family affairs much as they are today. Charles R. Reed, president of the Sod House Society in 1957, gave his recollections of Christmas time in the Arnold vicinity in an article in the March 1958 issue of *Nebraska History*. He wrote, "In our community, almost everyone went to his church on Christmas Eve for Christmas services. There would always be a tree decorated with string popcorn, cranberries and homemade stars. The program consisted of recitations and Christmas singing, followed by the grand finale which was Santa Claus giving out Christmas presents. We always had our presents at the Church 'doings.' Christmas gifts were practical. You felt lucky if you got a new pair of pants. Our Santa Claus never gave out bicycles, boxing gloves, or electric trains."—*Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society.*

LAS FLORES MASSACRE

By Dr. Lawrence C. Davenport and Jean Goldbrandsen

ON MARCH 22, 1866, the spring roundup started at the Las Flores Ranch. This ranch, which is still in operation today, is located near the headwaters of the Mojave River, in Summit Valley, San Bernardino County, California. The round-up crew consisted of Mr. Bud Dunlap, the ranch owner. Nephi Bemis, J. W. Gillette, Pratt Whiteside, Edwin Parrish, and several Mexican cowhands.

The crew stopped for dinner about 2:00 p.m., at which time J. W. Gillette told the group that he had seen the fresh tracks of a party of Indians about 2½ miles from the ranch house. No one was overly disturbed by this news because many of the friendly Serrano Indians often passed the ranch on their way to or from the Mojave River.

When the crew had finished dinner Edwin Parrish, Nephi Bemis, and J. W. Gillette were sent out to gather up strays. After they had traveled a short distance from the ranch house, Gillette's mule became lame, which made it necessary for him to return. Bud Dunlap, noting the mule's condition, sent Pratt Whiteside to take Gillette's place on the stray crew, and put Gillette to watching the main herd. This seemingly routine incident undoubtedly saved Gillette's life, but on the other hand, sentenced Whiteside to a horrible death.

Later that afternoon, one of the Mexican hands came over to Gillette's post and told him he had heard eight shots in rapid succession in the hill country where the stray crew was working. After some discussion it was decided that the boys had killed an old rogue steer that had given them a lot of trouble the day before. Relieved by this likely interpretation of the shooting, the hands returned to their posts around the main herd.

They had no more resumed their places, however, when Bemis' and Parrish's horses were seen running riderless in from the hills. The horses were caught, and Parrish's horse had blood on the saddle and shoulder. These mute signs told the crew immediately what had happened—a Chemehuevi Indian attack.

Immediately the crew was alerted to what had probably happened. Guns and ammunition were obtained for every member, and the entire group started for the area where the stray crew had been working.

Much caution was used in approaching, for the ground there was cut by many small canyons and covered almost solidly with low brush. No sign of any Indians or crew members was found until sundown, when the lifeless body of Nephi Bemis was located. His corpse had been stripped of clothing and horribly mutilated. Death had come instantly, however, from a rifle ball that had severed his jugular vein and passed into his lung.

Further search that evening revealed nothing of the fate of the other two missing men. Nephi Bemis' body was removed to the ranch house and a guard was posted for the night.

As soon as possible the following morning, the boys resumed their mournful task of determining the fate of their friends. After a search of about two hours, the body of Pratt Whiteside was found. He was the only one of the three who had been armed when they left the ranch house the day before. The area around his body showed that he had put up a good fight before he was killed by one of the numerous lance wounds in his body.

A short distance away the body of Edwin Parrish was discovered, covered with brush, in a clump of mountain oaks. He too had died bravely as was shown by the stone in his right hand. The stone had been used for lack of a better weapon, and had undoubtedly left its mark on the attackers since it was covered with blood.

The camp where the Indians had stayed the night after the massacre was soon located. The murderous group had feasted on Pratt Whiteside's horse; its well-gnawed bones were still strewn about.

These three men were probably the last three Indian victims in San Bernardino County, California. Later, as a result of this attack, many guilty as well as innocent Indians were killed.

THE SUBSCRIBER'S PARDON

By John Bauguess

One afternoon in 1865 Joseph Gaston, editor of the *Oregon Statesman* in Salem, was working on the next edition when suddenly a man, his clothes torn and dirty, burst into the office.

"I've been arrested for hog stealing," he said, almost out of breath, "but I'm not guilty."

Gaston, a trifle confused, asked the excited man to calm down and explain his problem.

"I come to you because I'm the only subscriber you have in Tillamook County, and I want you to get me a pardon from the governor."

The stranger explained that his neighbor's hogs were indeed missing but that the local squire had sentenced the accused man to jail, without proof that the hogs were stolen. The prisoner had spent several hours in solitude, thinking that the real criminal, if there was one, had probably escaped by now, but suspecting that the thief might not be human. According to the stranger the real thieves were bears.

Farmers of the area who had also lost livestock weren't worried about justice. They were just glad that someone—culprit or not—was going to pay for their woes. The prisoner then admitted he had escaped from Tillamook Jail, a primitive structure made of fir logs and a roof of shakes held in place with thin boards.

For two days he had walked over rugged mountains until, having covered about a hundred miles, he reached Salem.

D. W. Craig, proprietor of the *Oregon Statesman*, happened to overhear the sad story of his only subscriber in Tillamook County. (Subscribers were scarce in those days.) Craig immediately had someone escort the wronged man to Governor Gibbs' office.

After listening to the farmer's story, the Governor asked, "But how did you get out of jail?"

"I just climbed up the logs inside, pushed some shakes aside on the roof and crawled out."

"But how am I to know that you are not guilty of a crime? You have no

(Continued on page 52)

The Bemis home was located on the old Mormon Trail a few miles from Helendale, California.

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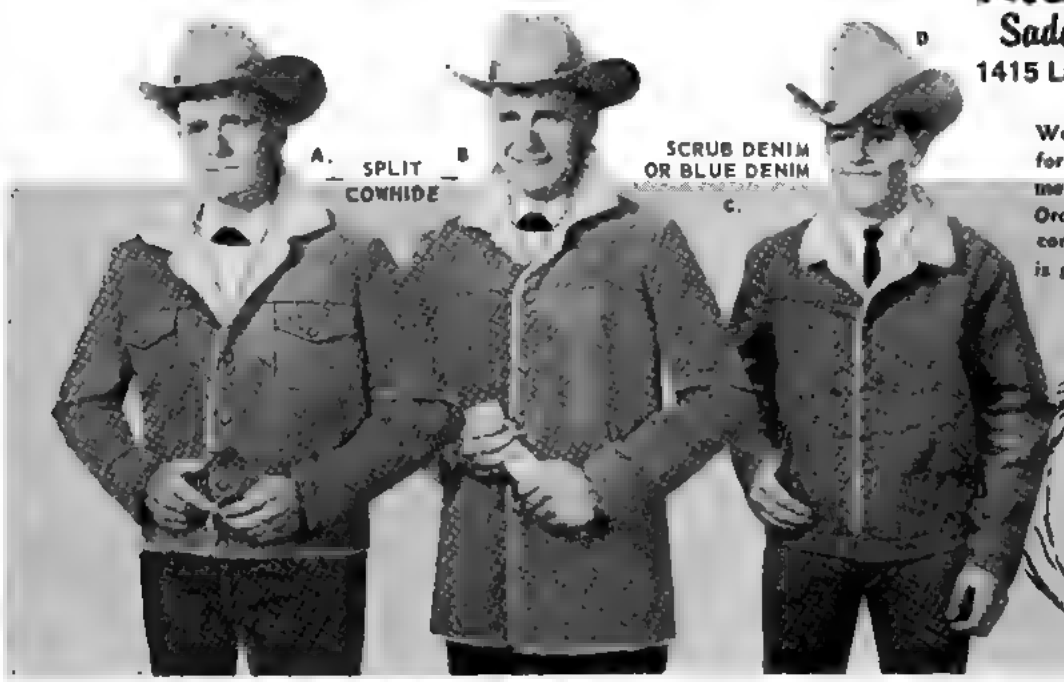

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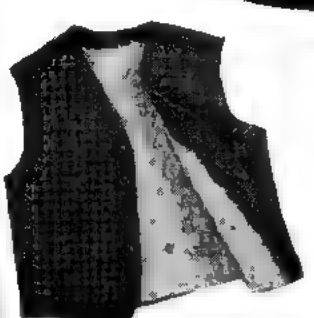

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True Western

Remote and deserted, this San Juan County, New Mexico, graveyard is typical of the many lonely burial plots located throughout the West.

Pioneers' Resting Place

Dear Editor:

A deserted graveyard lies on a terrace overlooking the Animas River of San Juan County, New Mexico, across from the village of Flora Vista. It is so long unused that many of the old-timers of the region have forgotten it even exists. Its picket fences have crumbled and the few remaining corner posts stand at tipsy angles. Only two of the more than thirty graves are marked today.

Your readers evince so much interest in the lonely old ghost spots and in getting word of long-lost relatives, that I thought this cemetery might add to forgotten lore. One marker of square cast-iron carries the inscription: "Eva M. Garren, Died Jan. 22, 1887, Aged 20 years. Another link is broken in our household band, but a chain is forming in a better land."

The other head marker of marble marks the grave of: "Mary L., Dau of Geo. M. & Huida TETER, Died Jan. 1, 1887, Aged 12 Yrs. 7 Ms. 18 Ds."

Today, so far as is known, there are no surviving members of the Garren or Teter families locally.

The cause of their deaths was not nearly so exciting as an Indian uprising with them as victims—but it was equally as tragic. With the closest doctor in Durango, Colorado, forty miles upriver and in mid-winter nearly inaccessible, epidemics were scourges to frontier settlements like Flora Vista. Diphtheria laid those young women in their early graves. —G. K. Hawk, Box 6, Shiprock, New Mexico.

Borego Gold

Dear Sir:

When I saw the cover and the line "Black Gold in the Borego Desert" on the June issue, I thought right away of Lee and Sam, who were and are very dear friends. Lee was one of the finest craftsmen in a woodworking or machine shop I have ever seen and could turn out some of the best looking tools for mining and rock hunting that you could find. We lost a true friend when he passed away. I have heard him speak of the Borego Desert many times.

I took the magazine to show to Sam and let him read it. When I was next able to visit him, I found he had been hospitalized and had had two serious operations. But he, being a tough old prospector, came through fine. They kept him in a sort of "home" for elderly patients and Sam did not like this at all and told them he was tired of hearing the rest of the old men gripe about their sore toes, and he wanted out.

He got out, all right, but he is still weak. Sam has received many letters from all over the country from folks who would like to be his new partner, but Sam says he is a little too old now (77) to go out into the desert. He has poor eyesight and has been unable to answer all the letters he gets, although he has enjoyed hearing from so many people.—Glenn A. Stephens, 613 Columbia Road, Fort Collins, Colorado.

Word from the Prospectors Club

Dear Joe:

I have been reading your rags since the summer of '54 and I blame you completely for me getting into the treasure hunting business and getting bit by the treasure bug for good. I spend all my free time doing research on some treasure location.

My partner, A. T. Evans, who is founder of the Prospector's Club, and I decided we would have a real down to earth treasure hunt. We got together with some of the merchants in this area and they donated money, guns, Civil War relics, etc., and thus was the beginning of our first annual Permian Basin Treasure Hunt. On September

4 and 5, 1966, we will bury some 10,000 American coins under the ground from one to four inches deep. We will bury alarm clocks, knives, minie balls, rusty guns, spurs and many more items too numerous to mention. This will be a no-profit deal –no entry fees, no tickets, no eliminations. Finders are keepers. We expect 500 people out for the event. A metal detector will be given away free as first prize, as well as $25 for second prize, 4 transistor radios, 100 treasure maps, 20 books and many other items. This is the kind of treasure hunting anyone can enjoy—we *know* it's there, and all you need to do is dig it up!—Harley Smith, Box 6018, Odessa, Texas 79760.

We're sorry we received this letter too late for it to do you readers any good this year. Why don't you make a mental note for 1967?

More on the Sibley

Dear Joe:

In TRUE WEST, June 1966 issue, on page 72, I was greatly surprised and really pleased that Dan Chadborn and George Upshaw have such Frontier relics as the Sibley stove. Mr. Chadborn states that these stoves were used as late as 1916 and 1917; he also states that they were used by the Seventh and Thirteenth Cavalry at the time of the Pancho Villa raid at Columbus, N. M. March 9, 1916. I was stationed at the time of the Columbus raid with the 12th U.S. Infantry. The entire regiment was billeted in tents, and in the center of each tent was a sand-box on which the stove sat, with the stovepipe up through the top. Each tent housed a squad of eight men. I can recall cutting mesquite wood with a dull Army axe for the stove. Winter nights in southwest Arizona can be cold.

The 12th U.S. Infantry went overseas in 1917, and became a part of the 6th Division. In France, thousands of tents were used, and as any infantryman can tell you, these stoves were in use and could really get cherry red, when fired up. If any of my old comrades happen to read this, they can reach me at this address.—Leon S. Sutton, R. D. #2, Jamesville, New York.

Old Stone Fort

Dear Sir:

We have enjoyed your magazines and wish you continued success. I wonder why no article has appeared about Nacogdoches, Texas, the home of the 'Old Stone Fort." My grandfather and his brother were the last owners of the Old Stone Fort and they tore it down in 1901 after an interesting history that commenced in the 18th Century when it was erected by Gil Y'Barbo.

I remember interviewing the man who tore it down for the Perkins brothers—Mr. Henry Millard, now deceased, a kinsman of U. S. Congresswoman Mrs. Albert (Lera) Thomas. The Nacogdoches Cum Concilio Club had asked that the old relic not be razed for historic reasons. Grandpa and Uncle Will told them they could have the thing if they would move it so they could build a drug store in its place.

Mr. Millard said that the Perkins brothers knew it would fall apart if any attempt was made to move it, which the Cum Concilio Club apparently didn't know. The resulting rubble was moved to a vacant lot and then the rocks were used to make a small museum. Later, in 1936, the State erected the Stone Fort

(Continued on page 72)

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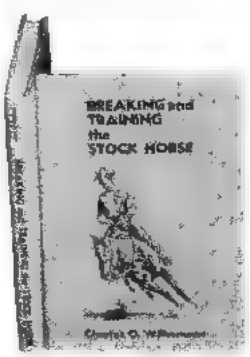

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The Indestructible Johnnie Mullens

(Continued from page 9)

A Spaniard, who rode a long stirrup and dallied with a sixty-foot rawhide reata. George Lane told Johnnie to get Borjorquez to contest at the forthcoming Calgary Stampede, regardless. And Johnnie did.

Speaking of Frank Borjorquez, Johnnie had this to say; "There wasn't a sorry horse in the big John Cross remuda, and when that Spaniard ramrod forked one of his string of top cow horses and took in after a wild steer, that long rawhide reata became a part of his arm. He could rope from any angle, pass a running steer and swing a backhand loop that never missed. And when the running horse tightened the slacked rope, that wild steer was throwed and stayed throwed. It made no difference which side of the running steer Frank came up on. That backhand loop worked from either side of the saddle. In that rough country the ground was most always tilted, and Borjorquez and his horse took advantage of the slant."

But first, last and always the Spanish ramrod of the John Cross outfit was a working cowhand, not a rodeo contestant, and he and his rope horse were at a decided disadvantage in the arena at the Calgary Stampede. The crowded grandstand, with its noise and confusion, the loud band music, the bellowing voice of the announcer as he rode back and forth with the megaphone in his hand announcing the events, the antics of the clown and his trick mules, the bucking horses and bull riding, were all a bedlam of many sounds and confusion. Frank Borjorquez and his cow horse were indeed strangers in a strange land. It was a new and awesome spectacle, gaudy and blatantly noisy, for horse and rider.

This quiet-mannered, soft-spoken, native son of New Mexico, and the horse he rode, were bewildered and confused, ill at ease. The man suffered from stage fright, with Johnnie Mullens the only familiar sight in the vast multitude of people. His ranch-raised horse was equally off-balance.

Even so, in spite of the handicap, Frank Borjorquez put on an excellent performance, living up to his billing as a special feature.

EACH GENERATION of rodeo contestants has produced its world champion ropers and bronc riders and all-around cowboy winners of the coveted Teddy Roosevelt Trophy, and other awards of high honor. Johnnie Mullens has picked up his share, and if it had not been for his strenuous and arduous duties as arena director and handling rodeo livestock, there is no doubt that he could have won far more. He was never able to devote his entire time to contesting. Nevertheless, in any man's book Johnnie Mullens is considered one of the all-time greats as a bronc rider and roper. Not only that, he was an all-around top cowhand. His way with a green colt made Johnnie Mullens one of the very best handlers of broncs when he schooled his rough string into the making of cow horses, cutting horses and rope horses.

Concerning the rodeo career of Johnnie Mullens, and especially his ability as a bronc rider, the following quote from his recent note to me speaks for itself, and it backs up my personal opinion that he was outstanding in the profession:

"I have roped with the world's best ropers and have won money with them. I believe I have ridden as many bucking horses as anyone in the game. I have broke horses for several cow outfits, including the FUF horse outfit at Forsythe, Montana, one of the largest horse outfits in that country.

"During World War 1, I was riding for Elworth and McNare, a commission firm in Chicago, who had contracts to furnish horses for the French, English, Italian and United States Governments. Each inspection would take anywhere from 100 to 150 horses a day. Each inspection would have three riders. All horses were ridden for their wind (to make certain each horse had sound wind). Riding that many horses that many hours a day for four years, I rode many real bucking horses (they never rejected one for bucking). Those horses came from Montana, Wyoming, the Dakotas and Colorado. It was a good chance for ranchers to get rid of all their outlaw horses, but some of the toughest buckers were half-gentle work horses weighing from 1,250 to 1,400 pounds."

UNTIL recent years, Johnnie Mullens remained active as an arena director throughout the United States. Since then he has been working for the Green Cattle Company at their large ORO ranch near Prescott, Arizona.

In describing his present work to me a short time back, the durable Johnnie Mullens had this to say, "I'm sorta slowed down the past few years. Kinda takin' it easy. Mostly I work alone. I carry two ketch ropes on my saddle. Whenever I run across a cow or steer that needs doctoring for pink eye, I ease a little bunch of cattle along with the pink eye one, to where there's a tree handy. Then I ease up on its blind side and dab my loop around the horns, lead the critter to where the tree is and tie the ketch rope hard and fast to the tree. I take down the second ketch rope and rope both heels and stretch the critter out. While my horse keeps the heelin' rope tight I get off and doctor the pink eye. When I get done doctoring it, I untie the rope from around the tree, slide the loop from the horns. Then I get back in the saddle and slack off the heelin' rope and the critter gets up. And the job's done, easy as shootin' fish in a rain barrel."

To the layman or city dude it sounds as easy as Johnnie Mullens tells it, but to a cowpuncher it is something altogether different. Any cow-brute with pink eye or screw worms, especially if it has been doctored before, is apt to be wary and ornery to handle. Nothing on earth is as ornery as a range cow on the prod. Head-roped, that cow will charge a horse and rider, or a man afoot when he gets off his horse to tie his rope to a tree trunk. And leading that head-roped critter to the tree can be dangerous to man and horse. It takes a seasoned cowhand to get any part of the job done, and as the saying goes, a cowboy is no better than the horse he's riding. It requires a skilled cowpuncher and a damn good rope horse to accomplish this feat. But as Johnnie Mullens says, a man is never afoot when he forks an ORO horse.

Johnnie Mullens does not have to do the strenuous and risky work he does every day. He could take things easy at the ORO ranch, ride around for a few hours each day, a kind of strawboss. But nope. That's not Johnnie's notion of earn-

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ing his cowhand's wages.

"It isn't how far and how long he rides," Charlie Green, owner of the big ORO outfit, once told another writer. "It's what he can do in the time he's riding the range that counts. Johnnie is an amazing man."

The foreman of the ORO, a man not given to handing out praise or pinning bouquets on any cowhand working for the outfit, says of Johnnie Mullens, "He gets more done in a day on one horse than any two or three of the young cowboys can do in a week."

Johnnie Mullens is one of the last of a vanishing breed of men, the old-time cowhand. Those old-time cowhands knew the meaning of loyalty to whatever outfit they worked for, and Johnnie worked for the best.

Those were the days of free grass and open range, before the cow country was fenced in by the homesteaders, who plowed up the old roundup trails and fenced in the waterholes. When a cowboy could swing a big loop without getting it fouled up on a fence post. The days before barbed wire.

The old-time cowhand was proud, independent, durable and tough as rawhide, seasoned and hardened to endure the hardships of a frontier country. That tough, hardy breed of cowhand was needed in those days of the frontier cattle country, and they fulfilled their destiny, left their mark in the Archives of Western history.

A couple of years ago, Johnnie's horse got fouled up in a brush-concealed tangle of rusted barbwire. In the horse's frantic scramble to free his legs from the entanglement, he came over backwards, pinning Johnnie down. When the horse finally scrambled to its feet, Johnny kicked his feet from the stirrups and rolled free. He wound up in the community hospital with a shattered pelvis.

"First time in my life," Johnnie told me when I visited him, "I was ever laid up in a hospital. First time I ever got busted up." And he was then seventy-eight years old.

The doctors decided that Johnnie Mullens would never be able to ride a horse again. Seven months later he was back at the ORO ranch making a hand.

Then about a year ago, along about the Christmas holiday season, one morning early as Johnnie stepped into the house to eat breakfast, it happened again. Johnnie stepped on a small scatter rug that slipped out from under him and he wound up in the hospital with a broken hip, going from bed to wheelchair, to crutches, and then to a cane.

When I saw him recently he was walking around spry as a cricket in his shop-made high-heeled boots, with the short, bowlegged stride of a cowhand. He boarded a California-bound bus to visit his daughter, Colleen, and her family. After a few days in California he went to El Paso, Texas and Juarez, Mexico, to visit relatives and friends. He came back bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, with scarcely a limp, using a cane more for balance than anything else.

Right now the durable, indestructible octogenarian is back at the ORO ranch, where he still makes a cowhand wherever a top hand is needed.

"I've been roundsidin' long enough," Johnnie told me just before he pulled out for the ranch. "Puttin' on too much taller around the belly. A week or so ahorseback is what a feller needs to get back in shape."

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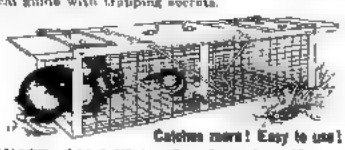

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 45)

papers, no transcript of the trial," Gibbs countered.

"But there were no papers in the case! They took me before the squire, and the man that lost the hogs told his story, and I told mine, and the squire said I was guilty and sent me to jail. And that was all there was to it."

"Well," replied the astonished governor, "I can't issue a pardon to you because I have no evidence of either a crime or a conviction. But if you are right sure the bears won't get any more of your neighbors' hogs I will give you a letter to the Justice of the Peace saying I think he has acted hastily without due process of law."

"That is just as good as a pardon," the prisoner assured him, "for they'll never find out over there what due process of law means, and they'll let me alone."

The man went home triumphantly, and D. W. Craig still had his only subscriber in Tillamook County.

A LONE COWBOY'S PREDICAMENT

By Ernest H. Thoresen

IT HAPPENED in the late fall of 1913. I had left the Gang Ranch, British Columbia, and was holding down my homestead on Big Bar Mountain. (The Gang Ranch is one of the largest ranches in Canada.)

One day I received a letter from Jimmy Riley, a former bunkhouse pal of mine at the Gang Ranch, who was now at Dog Creek. Jimmy stated in his letter that he was getting married and that he had some personal effects stored away at the Gang Ranch which I could have for a $10 bill.

The next morning after receiving the letter, I saddled up my horse and put a saw-buck pack saddle on my roan pack horse. My destination was about thirty-five miles from my homestead. I took off up the Fraser River trail which had been used by the old fur brigade trappers of long ago.

Arriving at the ranch that evening, I had supper and stayed all night. The next morning, assisted by Eddy Haller, I proceeded to put on the pack with a diamond hitch. I was surprised at the things I got for that $10 bill! The pack consisted of seven pairs of Hudson's Bay blankets, a pair of leather chaps, a cowman's horse-shoeing outfit, and miscellaneous things too numerous to mention. I said "So long," to Eddy and took off down the trail.

The trail follows the Fraser River, and sagebrush and bunch grass grows profusely on the flats. The trail crossing the flats was interspersed here and there with gulches and ravines of which China Gulch is the largest and deepest. This spot got its name from the early days when a gang of Chinamen were panning for gold there.

Everything went fine until I got to China Gulch. At the bottom of the ravine was a dry creek bed which in the spring and during flash floods became a roaring torrent. Part of the trail was therefore washed out, and from the creek bed to the beginning of the trail was quite a steep bank. Beside the trail, on the lower side, was a pine tree perhaps twenty-five feet from the creek bed.

When I started up the trail, the roan made up his mind that he was not going any farther. No amount of coaxing or cussing on my part would budge him. So I slipped the halter rope, which had a loop in the end, over the horn of my saddle. (This was a foolish thing to do.)

I put spurs to my horse. The pack horse came about halfway up the bank. Suddenly my saddle horse slipped and went down rolling on the other side of the pine tree. So there I was, one horse hanging on each side of the tree! I tried to get the rope off the saddle—impossible. I reached in my pocket for my knife but had either lost it or mislaid it somewhere. I tried to undo cinches on the saddle but could not make it.

The two horses' eyes were closed and they were bleeding at the nose. In desperation I finally picked up a sharp rock and by a lot of rubbing managed to cut the lead rope. When the rope let go, the horses slid and rolled into the creek bed where they lay till they could recover.

I then removed the pack, carried the stuff up the bank, reloaded the pack horse, and proceeded up the trail. By this time it was getting dark and starting to snow. When I got about halfway up the gulch trail, that fool pack horse slipped and went rolling. He got up on his legs and tried to run, but the pack had slipped under his belly, so he started to buck. And he managed to kick a large hole in one of the bags although they were made of heavy water-repellent material.

When he got tired of trying to get loose, he lay down on the pack with a resigned attitude of "Oh, to hell with it!" I was standing on the trail laughing, it struck me so funny.

At last I got that fool horse loaded again and proceeded on my way. I stayed all night at the Old Derby Ranch, which was owned by Henry Koster and Joe Smith, and left for my homestead, seven miles away, the next morning. I had no more mishaps, and outside the hard work I figured I'd really got my ten dollars' worth.

Christmas Eve on Big Bar Mountain, British Columbia, 1914. The men with instruments are Bill Harrington, with bagpipes; Charlie Wilson, with mandolin; and Ernest Thoresen, with violin.

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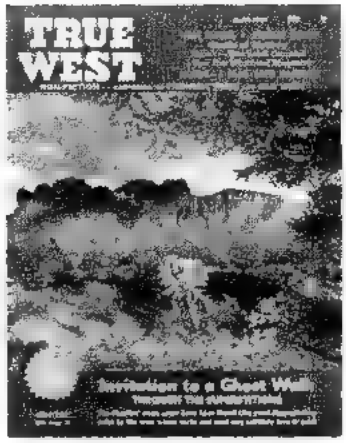

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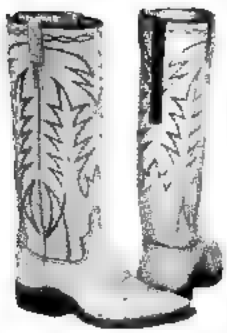

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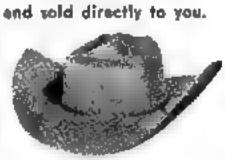

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Pat Lynch, Hermit

(Continued from page 23)

as Jenny Lind Rock. Although no one ever saw the lion, this story is widespread throughout northwestern Colorado, as are other tales of how Pat could make friends with any wild animal he had a mind to—deer, rabbit, beaver or bear.

Folks said Pat would never kill an animal, even for food, so where he got meat to make jerky is something of a mystery. But jerky he made, as well as bread of a sort which always looked ancient. He had bread and jerky cached in various places around the mountainsides. If he happened to be out scouting around and got hungry, he only had to stop a minute and think. Then he would head straight for some rocky cleft, retrieve his cache and have lunch. The rest of his "vittles" came from a small garden and a few peach trees which he planted among the sagebrush and cedar covering the floor of Pat's Hole.

HIS OWN stories, plus those of other people, caused legends to spring up around Pat Lynch like tamarisk along a stream. It seems pretty certain that he was born in Ireland in 1818. He said he ran off to sea when he was fourteen. The ship was wrecked on the African coast, and Pat was captured by natives. Three or four years later, an English vessel rescued him, but not before he had risen to some prominent position in the tribe.

The English took him to India whence, in time, he made his way to America. By then the Civil War was in full swing and Pat, over forty years old but hale and hearty, enlisted in the Union Army. For this service, he received a life-long pension. When the war ended, he went to Missouri, where he took up residence in a cave in Polk County. This seems to have been the first of his various cave and canyon dwelling places. In each place he left the record of his presence—the rough sketch of a sailing vessel. He drew many of them on the rock walls of Yampa Canyon.

From Missouri, Pat drifted westward and spent some time fighting in the Plains Indian Wars. After that he shoved on to Denver, then to Brown's Park, and finally to Echo Park which would later be called Pat's Hole in his honor.

At first, Pat set up housekeeping in an open cave on Pool Creek on the mesa above Echo Park. When a homesteader filed on the land, Pat moved down into the Hole. For a number of years, he lived by the river under an overhanging rock ledge. Then he built himself a rude shelter—four forked sticks set in the ground with willow branches for a roof. But there were no walls. He had no other house until a few years before his death, when a group of cowboys built a small log cabin for him, with Jenny Lind Rock as a backdrop.

When Pat moved from the Pool Creek cave, he left behind him a few meager possessions, among them a paper, dry as a buffalo chip, containing the words:

"To whom this may consarn that I, Pat Lynch do lay claim to this Botom for my Home and Support this 8th month of 1886. P. Lynch.
If in these caverns you shelter take
Plais do them no harm.
Lave everything you find around
Hanging up or on the ground."

A copy of this document is now displayed in a glassed-in box on the trail to Harper's Corner which overlooks Steamboat Rock and Pat's Hole. The box, set up by the National Park Service, also contains Pat's picture along with a statement that a U.S. Geological Survey party came upon the old man in 1911, at which time he was ninety-three years old.

Through the years, Pat probably saw much activity on the rustlers' trail which ran from Hole-in-the-Wall, Wyoming, through Brown's Park and Pat's Hole, then up along Pool Creek into Utah. But no one ever heard him talk about it. He, like most people in those days, was too smart to remember seeing strange horses or cattle in out-of-the-way places. So it was that Pat was able to die quietly in bed after a short illness, rather than out in the open with a sudden bullet through his skull.

The final three years of his life were spent at the home of a friend in Lily Park near the head of the Yampa River, many miles east of Pat's Hole. And here in Lily Park, Pat Lynch, hermit, was buried in February 1917, at the age of ninety-eight years and ten months.

Glory Days of the Feed and Grain Sacks

(Continued from page 39)

trimmed with silver beads and feathers.

Like Grandma, my mother learned all the many uses the feed and grain bags could serve. She was a wonderful seamstress and when she married, her trousseau was predominantly made up of garments and household linens fashioned from sacks.

My father, a logger, was born in Jefferson City, Missouri. At the age of twenty, he traveled with his family in a covered wagon to Denver. Following a disappointing love affair in that city, he gathered together a few dollars, bought himself a fair horse and went to Seattle in 1880.

He took private logging contracts on the coast for several years, but finally his restless nature and a longing for a home of his own sent him scurrying across the same route traveled by the Stuarts eight years before. Here he resumed his career in the woods and made a success in his profession. After his marriage to my mother, they moved onto a claim of their own up Mission Creek in 1890.

As a small boy, I spent many hours firing a big iron wash pot, filled to capacity with sacks, for both my grandma and my mother. Lye soap not only served to bleach that precious cargo but opened up my breathing passages as well. Sometimes it took as many as three washings before the required whiteness was obtained. My main job was to keep the bundle punched down to keep the bags from boiling over.

The large, bold print had been stamped into the material with ink as strong as Grandma's will. And on occasion, when the relentless efforts of Grandma failed, she put the sacks on a wooden block, handed me a battling stick and told me to go to it. If this didn't remove the color, defeat was acknowledged and these bags were used for articles less likely to be seen—mattress covers, quilt and coat linings.

My mother used the flour and sugar sacks, made of muslin and cambric, to make dainty dresses for my sisters. They were trimmed with big wide sashes and bows, and ruffles. The softer sacks were

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made into underwear and nightclothes.

Feed and grain sacks were usually made of a linen-like crash fabric, and were suitable for tablecloths, napkins, pillow cases, doilies and curtains, stiffly starched and ironed to perfection.

Before the sacks were washed, we kids spent a lot of time unraveling the thread from the seams. We wound it on sticks or wooden spools and it was used for fishing twine or tying cord.

Mother worked many hours in the evenings, by lamplight, decorating her sack articles with handsome embroidery, hand-crocheted and knitted lace, insertion, hemstitching, tatting and eyelet work. If there was anything my mother and grandma couldn't make from a sack, it wasn't yet heard of. Pot holders, dish rags, wash cloths, towels, children's rompers, sunbonnets, pillow covers and milk strainers were a few of the items I remember.

Many of the sacks were dyed and made into shirts for the boys and Grandpa. And like us kids, he also wore sack underwear; at least, Grandma said so.

THE FLOUR my mother used most of the time was milled near our home. "Davis Best," it was made at the Big Bend Flouring Mills, at Davenport, Washington. These mills were built in 1890 by Ansel A. Davis of Medford, Oregon. In 1888, A. A. Davis built the first roller flour mills at Medford. A son, Scott Davis, now eighty-six years of age, lives at Medford.

Mr. Davis, throughout his flour-milling days, used bags made by the Bemis Bag Company of Bemis, Tennessee. A goodly number of the sacks used at the Davis mills are still around Medford on the linings of quilts.

In 1910, Mr. Davis sold the Medford operation to a Mr. Nordwick from California. Flour was milled until 1925, when a fire destroyed the entire plant.

Numerous manufacturers of feed and grain bags from 1890-1942 stamped dolls on their sacks for advertising. The Arkadelphia Milling Company of Memphis, Tennessee, displayed the colorful figure of "Dolly Dimple" on sacks used for Self-Rising Flour. Many sacks of this flour was bought just to furnish a toy for a little girl.

The Western Sugar Refinery at San Francisco, under a copyright taken out in 1935, proudly stamped the popular "Uncle Sam" on their bags. These figures also were cut out and stuffed for children's playthings.

Collectors' most cherished and sought-after sack dolls today are "Aunt Jemima and her Pickaninnies." These were printed on bags used by the R. T. Davis Mill Company at St. Joseph, Missouri.

Back through the Depression days, some milling companies sold feed and sugar in large bags of beautiful floral and figured design. My wife used some of these bags for dresses, curtains and quilts. A woman in those days could make a lovely garment with three or four sacks and a little bias tape, rickrack or ruffles.

The days of the feed and grain sack are almost gone, but some of us older folks will never forget them. Without the aid of those treasured bags, the West (like many other parts of our country) would have seen some of our homes less attractive and many of us homesteaders pretty scantily clothed.

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Twenty Years Among Our Hostile Indians

(Continued from page 43)

and spots, in any style to please individual fancy. A common style was to paint stripes from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in width, starting at the nose, then running horizontally across to the ear, using red, yellow, blue, green, and as many other tints as they could procure. The forehead was striped in the same manner, with the lines running up and down. Sometimes the face was painted in spots, the pigments being daubed on without reference to any particular design, the sole intent seeming to be to make themselves as hideously ugly as possible. Their bodies were painted in much the same manner and colors, except that the lines were larger and sometimes wavy. The paints being originally mixed with grease would remain on the body for a long time, for the wild Indian never under any circumstances washed himself.

I have heard of Indian dandies, but have never seen one. When a young man arrived at the age when he would naturally be a dandy, his thoughts were taken up with securing a livelihood, or sufficient of this world's goods by plunder or the hunt to enable him to start in life and obtain for himself a lodge and family. That there were different characters among these people as to dress and ornament, must be admitted, but these were merely matters of personal characteristics, one being more cleanly than another and arranging his scanty wardrobe with more taste and effect.

AT THIS TIME the Indian had no use for money. If he procured any it was usually in silver. He would pound the silver pieces into disks to ornament his scalp lock, as I have elsewhere described. Other favorite articles of ornamentation were brass buttons, particularly the old-fashioned smooth kind, about as large as a twenty-five-cent piece. These they would put on their belts and fasten in various fantastic ways—sometimes artistically, but more frequently the reverse.

Some of the drawings on their buffalo robes, lodges, and skins, were, for Indians, well done, the artists being both men and women. Many of the drawings were pictorial efforts to tell the story of some event in family life, in battle, or on the chase. Some of them were so obscene as to be unfit for reproduction.

When the Indian who had several wives and a number of children was very ill, and thought he was about to die, he called around him as many members of his family as could be gotten together, then he proceeded to make his will orally, by distributing such of his wordly belongings as were not to accompany him on his journey to the Spirit Land. He presented to each member of the family various articles, saying "I give you this," until he had divided his entire possessions among them. It was the custom to make as nearly as possible an equitable distribution of his property among his family.

Oral wills were always respected and no effort was ever made to break or contest them. Should his effects be limited and the number of family be large, they would continue to live together as before, using the possessions of each for the benefit of the entire household. Should one of his wives, however, become the wife of another man, she was at liberty to take her share of the goods and her children to her new home.

Dead Sioux, drawn by Red Horse, Sioux Chief

The tepee of the Indian family being one of the most valuable possessions, one would naturally suppose that an Indian widow becoming the wife of another man would want her share of it, if not the article itself, or its value as represented by something else; yet such was not the case. She was satisfied to take such of his worldly goods as she was entitled to and could carry away, leaving the tepee to the remaining members of the family. When it came to the last widow, she was then the sole owner of this habitation and could do with it as she chose. Should the woman, however, be taken by another Indian for his wife, he was supposed, if he had sufficient wealth, to pay a reasonable price for the lodge to its former owners, or return it to them.

Next to their horses, the principal standard of value was the buffalo robe. One good horse was usually considered worth twenty buffalo skins. But where the buffalo was abundant and easily killed, a lesser value was placed on the animal's hide.

A tepee was rated as worth from two to twenty horses according to its size and condition. In many places, especially on the barren plains, the poles of the lodge over which the skins were stretched were more difficult to procure than the robes, and were accordingly more highly valued.

The dressed skins of the deer and antelope, bear skins and other animals, also had a general value among most of the tribes. The bow and arrow, pipes, knives, and trinkets of various kinds, especially if procured from the whites, were all rated by the excellence of the article or by the difficulty in obtaining it.

All Indians, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the central portion of Mexico to the country occupied by the Esquimaux in the British possessions, in whatever respects they differed, or whether one nation was more intelligent than another, or more advanced in the arts of civilization, or in war, had the distinguishing marks of the North American Indian indelibly imprinted upon them.

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ment of their women, animals, and captives, were distinctly and purely Indian, and nothing else. Their amusements and pastimes, their inability to remain long in one place, their resistance to the advance of civilization, their tenacity of life in its primeval state, all were so distinctly Indian as to be very noticeable, no matter how far they might have been removed from savage life. The traits, habits, characteristics, and customs might differ widely in different Indian nations, yet all unmistakably showed their common origin; it is probably for this reason that someone once made the silly and often quoted remark, "See one Indian and you have seen all."

No more untruthful statement could be made. A person, who by personal intercourse had become familiar with the different nations, could pick out the members of different nations wherever he found them, without hearing them speak a word. He could do this as readily as anyone can make the distinction between a white person and a black one. By looking at their implements of war, their handiwork and personal effects, an experienced person could tell at sight which nation had made them.

When coming upon places where Indians had camped, or in following their trails, an old mountaineer or an experienced Indian fighter could tell almost at a glance what nation had been there. So distinctly had each Indian nation its own way of making its camps that the trappers and plainsmen who had been among them for any length of time would voluntarily, or involuntarily, fall into the habit of making their own camps precisely like the Indians in whose country they were. To the ordinary person these abandoned camps would indicate nothing; but to the experienced eye they would not only tell with surprising accuracy who the former occupants were, but could at a glance tell their number, how long they had been there, how long they had been gone, the direction in which they went, whether they were a war or a hunting party, and other important things. *(To be continued in the January, 1967 FRONTIER TIMES.)*

The Noble Nopales

(Continued from page 33)

sion of "hunter's stew" made with whatever combination of meats and vegetables you prefer. However, use a minimum of ordinary vegetables and use instead precooked cactus squares added only minutes before your stew is done. Hot chili peppers will give the dish an additional snap.

For centuries nomadic Indian tribes relied on cactus when game was scarce. They were hunters, constantly on the move, and did not tend crops until the very end. Prickly pears provided the Indians with emergency food, out on the desert floor. A fire, a bag of fat, and a handful of salt—and a cactus meal could be prepared.

If there are no deserts near you, small tender cactus leaves can be purchased in many Mexican grocery stores. Go in and ask for *nopalitos tiernos*. You can sometimes find jars of pickled cactus, which taste very much like pickled watermelon rind. Or, if you really have adventure in your heart ask for *tunas*—the colored fruit of the prickly pear so often used to make candy.

The Southwest's cactus is good. Try some soon—you will be happy you did!

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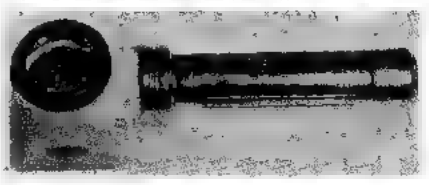

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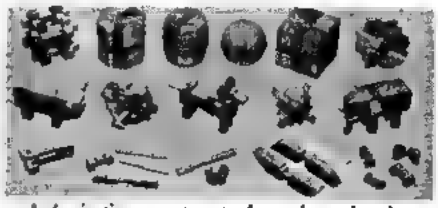

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

THE BIG TOPS OUT WEST!

Pioneer Circuses of the West (Westernlore Press, $7.50) is by Chang Reynolds who also contributed a number of fine drawings. Reynolds, a long-time circus and animal buff, discovered that the big-top historians had concentrated their attention on the shows in the Eastern part of the U.S. His success in collecting material about the circuses that operated between the Rockies and the Pacific from 1849 to 1900 is demonstrated in this entertaining book. Joseph Andrew Rowe was the first circus operator to mine the California miners—and by this reviewer's recollections of the big three-ring shows of a half a century ago, Rowe didn't have much of a circus. Until the transcontinental railroad was finished, the circuses moved to the West Coast by boat and perhaps the lack of wild animal acts is understandable. Despite the limited bill offered, Rowe's Olympic Circus ran from October 29, 1849 to January 17, 1850 in San Francisco and later in 1850 Rowe achieved another first—he moved upriver to Sacramento. The success of Rowe did not escape the notice of the circus owners touring the East, and soon others were seeking a share of California's gold. Such great circus names as John Robinson, W. W. Cole, Adam Forepaugh, S. H. Barrett and George Ryland were among those invading the Far West. Sells Brothers, Wallace, Walter L. Main and Ringling were among the later "miners." While much of the book is about the circus in California, the beginnings in other Western States are noted. In addition to the author's drawings there are some good photos and facsimiles of posters, hand-bills and programs. Good history—good reading.

TO THE WEST WITH ZEB

The Journals of Zebulon Montgomery Pike, with Letters and Related Document, Vol. 1 and 2. (University of Oklahoma Press, $20.00) edited and annotated by Donald Jackson is the first reissue of these historical documents since 1895. Pike's original material is supplemented by much that is new, and his captured maps and papers, held in Mexico for a hundred years, are published in full. Pike never tackled an easy job, and Lady Luck was seldom in his corner. Born in 1779 in New Jersey, Pike joined the Army at the age of twenty to follow in the footsteps of his father, a veteran of the Revolution. Determined to advance as a soldier, Pike was an avid reader of books about the arts of war. By some good fortune, he became the protégé of James Wilkinson, Commanding General of the United States Army. In the summer of 1805, Pike led a reconnaissance of the Upper Mississippi for the purpose of purchasing sites from the Indians for military posts, and to bring influential chiefs to St. Louis for talks. While the expedition only partly fulfilled its objective, valuable geographical information was obtained, and Pike was conditioned for his more arduous adventure in the West. Pike's second expedition, 1806-07, was commissioned by General Wilkinson for the purpose of contacting the Comanche Indians and to explore the Arkansas and Red Rivers. Pike's difficulties and wanderings led him to be captured by a Spanish patrol. He was conducted first to Santa Fe, then to Chihuahua, and finally escorted to the United States boundary near Natchitoches, Louisiana. Pike's expedition to the West ranks second only to that of Lewis and Clark, but his association with General Wilkinson and early implications in the Aaron Burr conspiracy clouded his career. Modern historical research and interpretations of evidence have tended to exonorate Pike of any role in that fiasco, but when he first returned from his Western expedition, suspicions about his connection were rife, and Congress failed to compensate him or his men for their wilderness ordeal. When he first published his journals, his publisher went bankrupt. Somewhat later Pike was rewarded for his efforts by being made a brigadier general. After notable action in the War of 1812, he was fatally wounded by debris in the explosion of a powder magazine when he was only thirty-four years of age. This comprehensive work on Pike, together with maps and illustrations, is a major contribution to the history of the West.

ONE MAN SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION

When we called for more on Bandelier in our review in this column of Jack Schaefer's brief biography issued recently we were quite unaware of the labors of Charles H. Lange and Carroll L. Riley, *The Southwestern Journals of Adolph F. Bandelier, 1880-1882* (University of New Mexico Press, $10.00) as

"Callie, shore wish you'd quit worryin' about the weather and git supper ready!"

OF
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edited by Drs. Lang and Riley is just what we had in mind. We are delighted to learn that this is only the first of a series. We know that many readers refuse to look at such preliminaries as prefaces or introductions. We strongly urge a careful reading of the preface of this book—it is essential to an understanding of the work of the editors in winnowing the grain from the chaff. A good biographical sketch of Bandelier prepares the reader for the journals. Bandelier was extraordinary—he was interested in everything and while he was not consistent in his note and diary keeping, he recorded much of great interest and of considerable scientific value. He illustrated his journals, and eighty of his drawings, two maps and a number of good photographs enhance the book. The annotations by the editors include sketches of the important personalities mentioned by Bandelier. They also have provided a glossary of the Spanish words used by Bandelier and there is a bibliography and an index. Recommended.

GOLD!

In *The California Gold Discovery, Sources, Documents, Accounts, and Memoirs relating to Discovery of Gold at Sutter's Mill* (The Talisman Press, $10.00) by Rodman W. Paul, diaries of Sutter, Marshall, and other of the major participants of this epic event are presented along with much other documentary evidence. Some letters and other information given had not previously been published. But the great problem common to some of the most noteworthy historic events was also common to the discovery of gold in California—meagerly educated men left little written detail of the day-by-day happenings associated with this event. In spite of this, Rodman Paul presents the most comprehensive report on the discovery of gold in California ever published. The author drew heavily on the material of the Bancroft Library as well as many other sources. His detailed research uncovered clues of many other letters and documents which have not been found, but which readers of this book may now bring forth.

OUTLAWS AND GUNMEN

Fred and Jo Mazzula of Denver, Colorado own over a quarter of a million prints and negatives of Western historical interest. Only twenty or so are reproduced in a dandy little booklet, *Outlaw Album* (the authors, 1930 E. 8th Avenue, Denver, Colorado, 80206, $1.00) but at the price, how can you lose? Billy the Kid, Dave Rudabaugh, The Wild Bunch, Tom Horn, "Doc" Holliday, Black Jack Ketchum and Bill Carlisle are among those printed. The girls are not forgotten—Calamity Jane, Cattle Kate, Big Nose Kate and Poker Alice are there, too. The text is brief, appropriate for an *Album*, but does repeat some of the numerous legends that have long distorted gunman history—but the pictures make you forget the text.

Frank M. Canton was a controversial figure like many famous Western men. He served successively as chief inspector for the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association during the Johnson County War in 1892, deputy marshal in Wyoming, undersheriff and U.S. deputy marshal in Oklahoma, U. S. marshal in Alaska, and adjutant general under three governors in Oklahoma. He died in 1927. Like many men of high adventure, he knew lone-

(Continued on page 64)

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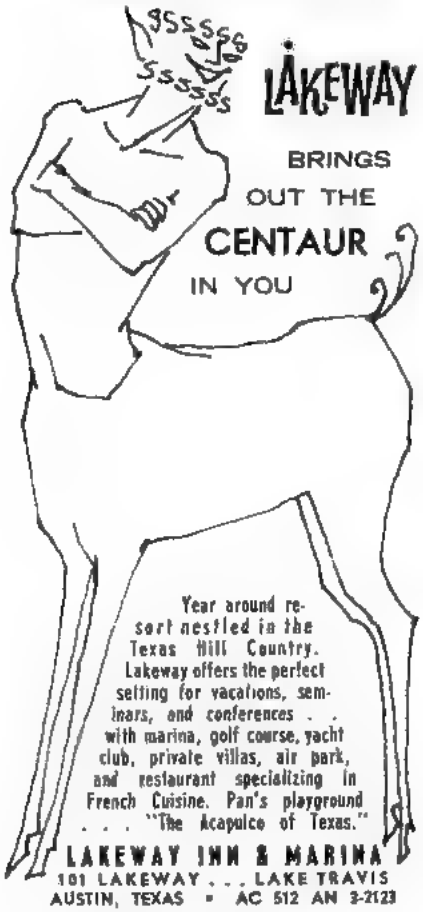

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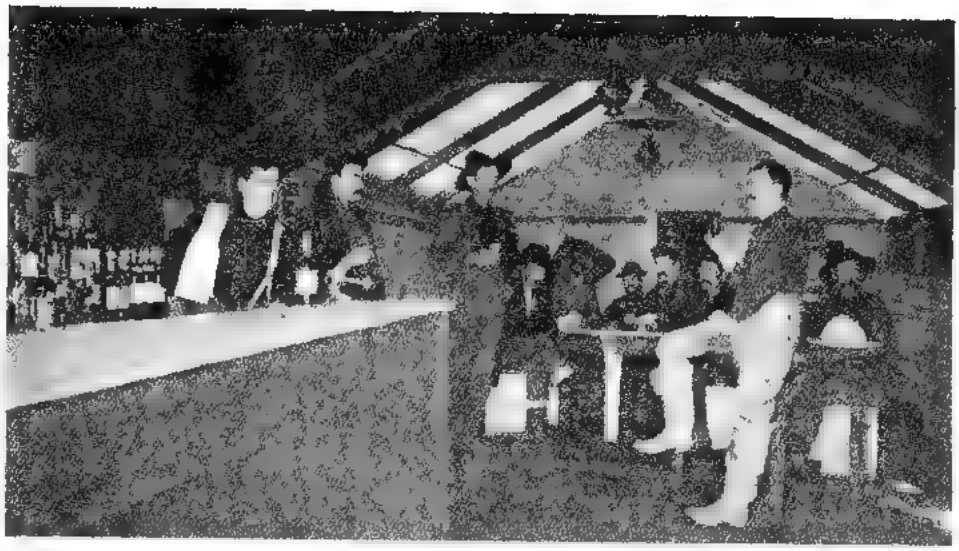

Courtesy William S. Furno

Interior of a Nome, Alaska, saloon

This One's on the House, Boys!

(Continued from page 15)

inspiration from these same saloons. One of the more tragic of these episodes was the lynching of a Mexican girl in Downieville, California, in 1851. Known only as Juanita, although recent research by the author suggests that Josepha was her true name, she was lynched after an extra-legal trial by a drunken crowd of miners celebrating the 4th of July. There is evidence that she was pregnant and was guilty only of self-defense in stabbing a drunken miner, but whatever the circumstances, she has gone down in history as the only woman lynched in the California gold rush camps.

Another of the saloon-variety tribunals was recalled by a California pioneer named Clarence King. In the early 1850s, a man trailed two donkeys and a horse of his which had turned up missing. He noticed spur marks on the animals' trail but when he couldn't find them he returned to town and tramped into one of the saloons for a drink. A round of drinks was ordered while the miners discussed the theft and what to do about it. They knew from the spur marks that the culprit was a Mexican.

"Do you know, gentlemen," said one of the local rabble-rousers, "that just to shoot these greasers ain't the best way? Give 'em a fair jury trial, 'an rope 'em up with all the majesty of the law. That's the cure."

The miners were drinking on the front porch when an unknown Mexican came into view, whistling an accompaniment to his jingling spurs. He was immediately pounced on and hauled into the saloon to stand trial. A reluctant jury was quickly rounded up from the street and marched in to stand behind the bar. After the briefest of hearings, the jury was shoved into a back card room and locked in while the rest of the crowd went back to their drinking.

A little over an hour later some of the mob burst into the jury room and asked for a verdict.

"Not guilty," replied the foreman.

"You'll have to do better than that," snarled the mob leader and with a volley of curses he slammed the door shut.

It was almost a half hour later when the mob leader again asked if a verdict had been reached. When the foreman told him the defendant was guilty, the leader smiled broadly.

"That's correct, gentlemen, you can come out now. We hung him an hour ago."

Just before sunset the bartender decided to sweep some dust out the back door of his establishment. When he opened the door he was somewhat surprised to find the missing horse standing serenely under an oak tree in the back yard. The two donkeys were also nearby munching contentedly on a pile of old playing cards. The bartender suddenly remembered that he had seen the animals there early that morning, but after scratching his head a moment he went back to his sweeping.

OF COURSE, the most notorious aspect of saloon life involved the occasional shooting affairs which took place. Innocent bystanders often were killed or wounded when drunken gunmen started shooting in a crowded saloon. Drunks carrying guns have always been a hazard and the whiskey bottles and ceiling fixtures were perennial targets in the Old West. A Stockton, California, newspaper reported the death of a young man in 1851 when a drunk in a saloon started shooting at the chandelier. Edwin Hoss was asleep in a room above and was killed instantly when the bullets tore through the floor, his bed and him

Bartenders had to defend themselves and otherwise preserve order in their barrooms. Harry Young was a literary type whose book, *Hard Knocks*, has become something of a standard reference on early Deadwood history. Young knew Wild Bill Hickok in that tough mining camp and was tending bar in the saloon where Hickok was murdered on August 2, 1876. A few weeks after Jack McCall fired his fatal bullet, Young had a shooting experience of his own, which he failed to mention in his book, and with good reason. The tragic story was told in the Deadwood newspaper for August 26, 1876.

Young was the bartender in Mann and Lewis' Number 10 Saloon and for some time had been having trouble with a local character named Laughing Sam Hartman. The nature of the trouble isn't known, but it was serious enough that Hartman, on several occasions, had threatened Young's life. Carl Mann, Young's boss, had tried to intercede in the matter and had cautioned Hartman about making threats but to no avail.

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Finally, one night Laughing Sam came into the Number 10 and asked to borrow a pistol from Mann. When Mann asked him what it was for, Sam replied that he "wanted to kill that S—o—b, Young." Mann naturally wouldn't give him the pistol and he told Young to stay in the back room out of sight.

A man named Myer Baum walked in at this time, unaware of the trouble in the saloon. He borrowed Hartman's coat, put it on, and then walked out the back door. Young, seeing Baum leaving and assuming he was Hartman, followed and shot him dead. It was a tragic case of mistaken identity and Young was acquitted at his subsequent trial.

Bartenders didn't hesitate to shoot their way out of trouble. In Canyoncito, New Mexico, Frank Page was tending bar in the saloon of Rhodes and Hogan. Rattlesnake Bill tramped in one day and in an insulting manner demanded a drink, then refused to pay for it. Words and threats were exchanged, when suddenly Page grabbed a pistol and shot the bully dead. Luckily for the bartender, Rattlesnake Bill was a wanted man with a price on his head and Page was acquitted in his later trial at Santa Fe.

Jerry Barton was another bartender who didn't take sass from his customers. Barton worked in a saloon in Charleston, Arizona, and had killed several men in shooting affrays. Yet when he killed a man with a blow of his fist, the jury was horrified and sent him up for a stretch at Yuma prison.

In Pecos, Texas, in 1896, Barney Riggs had trouble with two men named Earheart and Denson. Riggs was tending bar in the Orient Saloon one day when his two enemies came in and started a row. Barney knew the fight was just an excuse to get the drop on him, so he beat them to the draw and shot Denson through the head. Earheart ran out into the street, but Riggs stepped to the door and calmly shot him through the head also.

NO STORY of the western saloon would be complete without some mention of the women who worked the frontier circuit. Simply stated, and television and the movies to the contrary, such women were seldom more or less than prostitutes. They traveled from the cowtowns to the booming mining camps, wherever the money was, hoping to marry a rich cattleman or miner or somehow to get off the "line." The glamour of such a life wore off quickly and although a few did manage to marry and settle down, most of them could only look forward to a life of degradation as the price of their charms slipped lower and lower year by year.

The saloon and dancehall girls were usually dissatisfied (or dishonored) city girls, recruited in the East and sold on the glamorous life waiting in the pioneer West. In the saloons they were quickly disillusioned but there was nowhere to go. Their job was to dance with the patrons, when a saloon had music, and see that their partners spent as much time as possible at the bar. Whenever her partner ordered, the girl was handed a white check which could be redeemed for a bit, or twelve and a half cents. Later the couple would retire for the night, sometimes in the back of the saloon or in a shabby "boarding house" nearby.

Not all saloons allowed these women inside and gradually drinking houses and bawdy houses became separate entities. As early as the 1850s, however, San Francisco had plush red-light houses with their own bars which catered only to the wealthier class of patrons.

There were degrees in the quality of saloons, as in anything else, but the owner of a first-class drinking establishment was almost invariably a pillar of the community. Often a saloon owner was at the same time a banker, a mayor, a city councilman or even a legislator. Mark Twain commented on this social paradox in his book, *Roughing It*.

"In Nevada, for a time, the lawyer, the editor, the banker, the chief desperado, the chief gambler, and the saloonkeeper occupied the same level in society, and it was the highest. The cheapest and easiest way to become an influential man and be looked up to by the community at large was to stand behind a bar, wear a cluster-diamond pin, and sell whiskey. I am not sure but that the saloonkeeper held a shade higher rank than any other member of society. His opinion had weight. It was his privilege to say how the elections should go. No great movement could succeed without the countenance and direction of the saloonkeepers. It was a high favor when the chief saloonkeeper consented to serve in the legislature or on the board of aldermen. Youthful ambition hardly aspired so much to the honors of the law, or the army and navy, as to the dignity of proprietorship in a saloon."

Of course, the West would have been won without the aid of the saloon and there are those who say it would have been won much sooner. But the saloon fulfilled a need that is fundamental to all primitive societies. Too, in a very real sense, the whiskey was a fuel that helped hard-working men carve an empire out of a wilderness. Liquor provided an endless variety of grief, but it also gave the men companionship and the strength to face a tomorrow filled with suffering, death, and just plain hard work. In its time and place, the frontier saloon played a definite part which could only be evaluated by a bone-weary farmer, a calloused prospector or a saddle-sore cowboy.

A freighter was taking a wagonload of supplies into the Black Hills at the height of the 1876 gold rush. Another freighter, returning to Cheyenne, stopped to pass the time of day and get the news.

"Whater yuh loaded with?" inquired the returning freighter.

"Twenty barrels of whiskey and a couple sacks 'o flour."

The outbound freighter scratched his head for a moment before he drawled, "What in hell you goin' to do with all that flour?"

Legend of the Circle G

(Continued from page 32)

One of the more colorful tales of lost bandit loot concerns two brothers who are said to have owned the Circle G after Peter Gallagher left the ranch. Always operated under the name Gallagher Ranch and claiming the same irregular boundaries of its original 10,000 acres, the ranch has had many owners and operators during the waning days of the "Old West" and into the early 1900s. Leased by large cattle companies, it was once the headquarters of a 300,000-acre cattle empire. At other times it was leased or owned by individuals, two of whom were brothers.

As the story goes, one of the men was out alone searching for stray cattle and was riding the banks of the San Geronimo in one of the canyons whose steep,

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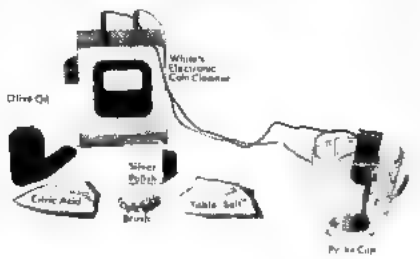

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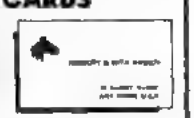

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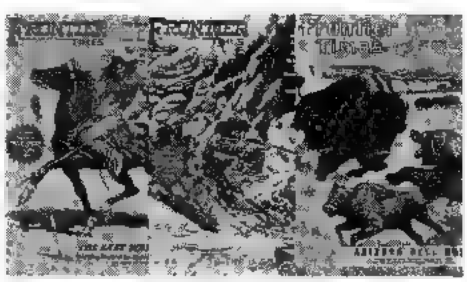

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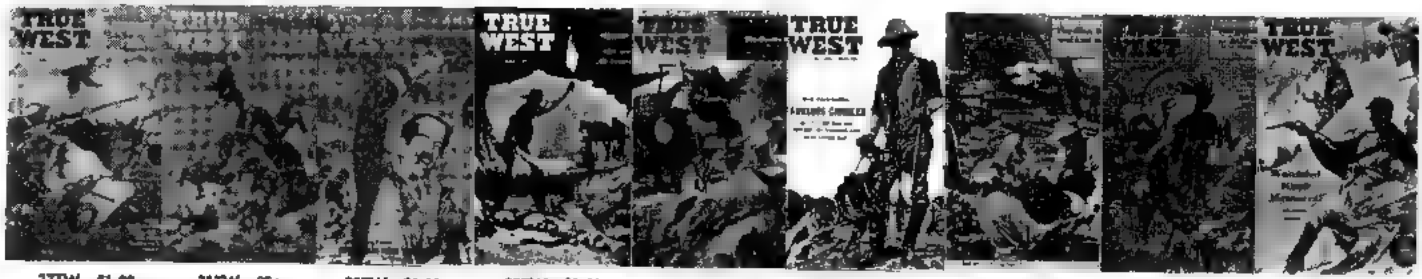

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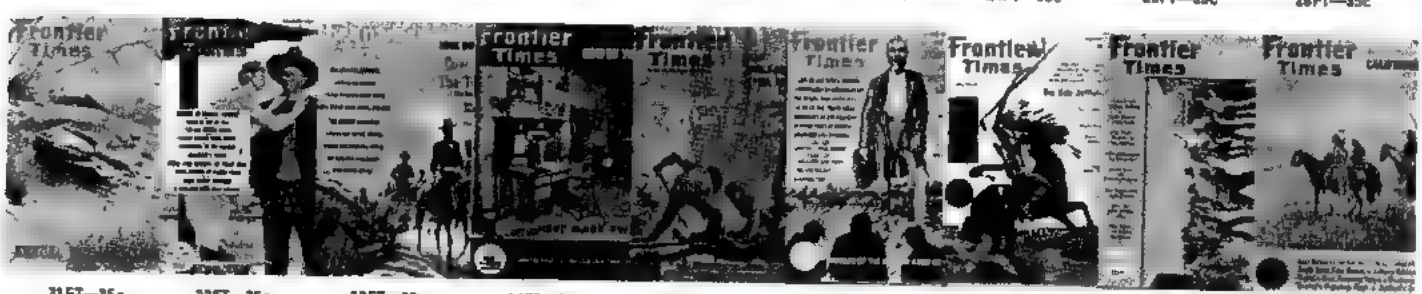

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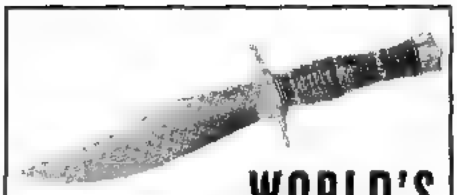

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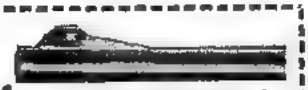

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rugged walls are pockmarked with caves. Just why he should have elected to look for stray cows in a cave is not explained, and possibly that was not his motive for exploration. Stories of buried treasure hidden near the Old Spanish Trail were probably even more numerous then than they are today. Perhaps he abandoned cattle for treasure hunting.

Whatever the explanation, the cowboy is said to have returned to the ranchhouse filled with excitement to tell his brother that he had found a vast treasure in one of the caves. He had marked the entrance with his shirt and had come hell-for-leather back to the ranch to enlist help in moving the treasure. The loot was so extensive and in such quantity that a wagon and mule team would be required to haul it back to the ranch, he said.

The two men set out for the cave in a buckboard drawn by a team of fine mules. In the vehicle with them was a loaded shotgun, rattling and banging about their feet as the men put the whip to the mules to send the buckboard careening cross-country in a cloud of flying gravel and rock. A wheel crashed into a chuckhole, the buckboard bounced and swayed, the loaded shotgun discharged accidentally, and the brother who had found the treasure cave was mortally wounded. The surviving brother is said to have roamed the hills and canyons of the Circle G for years, searching for a cave along the San Geronimo marked with an old shirt.

During the years Mrs. McNutt has owned the Gallagher Ranch, treasure hunters have periodically shown up to ask permission to search the canyons and hills for treasure buried in a bygone day. They have come armed with maps and enthusiasm and many have searched for weeks on end, but none has ever found the fabled treasure once marked by a dead man's shirt, or any other for which they might have searched.

"Tales of the Circle G and its hidden fortunes are colorful and I love them," Mrs. McNutt smiles. "But I have never searched for that kind of wealth. I have lived in the Southwest so long that when I see a stream of clear, cold water gushing from a two-inch pipe here in the patio of Gallagher Ranch, I am the wealthiest woman in the world."

A Complete Wipe-out

(Continued from page 18)

DUDE ROUNDS was at the Old Rake Ranch on White River when this three-day storm began. All of his stock were within his sight from the ranch house, either in the feed lot, in the shed, or sheltered by the cottonwood trees and plum thickets in the river bottom. But he had to buck his way through the hard-driving snowstorm even to throw feed to them from the haystack or to open the waterholes in the river.

The snow and wind pounded the prairie and the trees for three days, screamed through the complex of ranch buildings, drove the snow in drifts against the windward sides of the buildings until a man could walk from the drifts to the roofs of the buildings as if they were at one level. During daylight there was no vision from the inside of a house. Human breath, the steam from the coffee pot or the kettle of beans sought the windowpanes and turned to frost. Even at night the coal oil lamp seemed subdued to those inside, and hardly enough light would penetrate the frosty panes to guide a man to the nearby wood pile or outhouse.

For three days Dude Rounds watched from inside the house, for a break to penetrate the thick curtain, a veritable maelstrom from ground to sky, moving with its terrible force of rushing blackness. The fourth day broke clear and cold, with 20 below temperature, and so still that a man seemed deafened by the very lack of sound.

A few head of cattle had died at the Rake Ranch, but most of them moved in confused directions looking for hay and water. Cold weather alone seldom kills a cow, but lack of food and Chinook winds take their toll.

On the second day after the storm had ended, the mail carrier came by the Rake Ranch and reported various ranchers' losses. He said that he had heard that the Corb Morse cattle had gone over the Wall and nearly 6,000 head had died.

Dude Rounds saddled and rode close enough to the pile-up to see what had happened. Not a thing was alive. A heavy blanket of snow covered the pile of carcasses, and underneath a coating of ice had formed. Dude rode within a few feet of the knoll where the big steer was perched, cold and starved, but still in a truculent mood. He pulled his Winchester from its scabbard and fired one shot. It was the end of the herd started seventeen years before with 150 head of heifers carrying the Beer Mug brand.

At the ranch house on the "15" spread, I. S. M. Brown, Corb Morse's manager, looked at the branding irons hanging on the corral fence, rolled his clothes and blankets, tied them back of the saddle, and rode West. He stopped at the Rake Ranch and put his horse in the barn, went into the house, took a pull from a bottle of whiskey in the cupboard and sat down. Corb Morse wouldn't be needing a manager for sometime. He was completely wiped out.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 59)

liness and violence. *Frontier Trails, the Autobiography of Frank M. Canton* (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.00) edited by Edward Everett Dale is now available as Volume 30 in the Western Frontier Library. Canton was accused of shooting from ambush John Tisdale and Ranger Jones, thought to be rustlers by the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association. Canton denied this charge and was, in fact, cleared in court. Recent writings claim his innocence is doubtful. Nevertheless, Canton was respected as a man of courage and never lacked for work as a champion of law and order.

VACATIONING ON THE PECOS

Not every family has a father like Calvin Horn. Not every family has seven children. But most families have similar opportunities to draw closer together and enjoy each other more in the great outdoors. *Climbing a Rainbow, A Family Journey of Discovery* (Horn & Wallace, $6.50) by Calvin Horn relates the personal and tender experiences of the Horn family during an exciting summer in the Pecos wilderness of New Mexico. Fishing, learning to ride, exploring ghost towns, meeting the Pecos Indians, and a family pack trip made the summer all too short. This story is expertly told and beautifully illustrated with color photo-

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graphs. Calvin Horn is well known to many western readers. He is author of the book, *New Mexico's Troubled Years*, and has been president of the New Mexico Historical Society. In addition, he served many years in the New Mexico House of Representatives and Senate and founded the publishing house of Horn and Wallace. In this day when we hear so much about recreation, outdoor activities, and family values, *Climbing a Rainbow* is a vivid testimonial that it can all be true.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

The early Christian custom of burying the dead within church walls was forbidden by the Spanish through a decree sent to all Spanish colonies by the King in 1798. The decree reached Santa Fe in 1789, but with typical reaction of the New World to royal decrees, New Mexicans resisted the new ruling until 1833. Only Indians and paupers might properly be buried in outdoor plots. But grave markers put up by early explorers and traders for those who died in the territory gave some precedence to the custom. By the last half of the 18th Century grave markers flourished in the camposantos or "consecrated ground." Under this new arrangement, crosses, pickets, spindles, scrolls, and finials—carved, and often whitewashed—appeared. *Camposantos* (Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, $4.00) is a photographic essay by Dorothy Benrimo which beautifully portrays the early Spanish grave markers. The book has a commentary by Rebecca Salsbury James and historical notes by E. Boys. It is an unusual presentation of a unique art form and preserves for posterity the feelings and culture of the 18th Century New Mexicans. Such grave markers are rapidly giving way to the elements or to more sophisticated modern forms. For this reason, *Camposantos* is a timely and important record of this segment of Western American history.

CLASSIC REPRINT

Hear the Train Blow (Grosset & Dunlap, $7.95) by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg is the attractive reprint of the pictorial epic of America in the railroad age. This book was first issued in 1952. It is profusely illustrated with 860 illustrations and ten original drawings. The railroads of America played a vital part in the expansion and settlement of the West. The main forms of transportation during the settlement of the East were the clipper ships, horse and carriages, river boats and barges. The tranquil life along the barge canals and toll roads came to an abrupt halt as the snorting locomotives moved westward carrying cargo and eager immigrants. The battles of railroad tycoons for the best routes, train robberies, tragic wrecks, luxurious accomodations in the Pullman and dining cars, are just part of the reasons why the four decades of the railroad era were the most colorful in American history.

CORRECTION

"Uncle Sim's Trading Store" by Albert S. Gilles which appeared in the October, 1966 TRUE WEST should have carried the following credit: Reprinted from the Autumn, 1964 issue of SOUTHWEST REVIEW through courtesy of the publishers.

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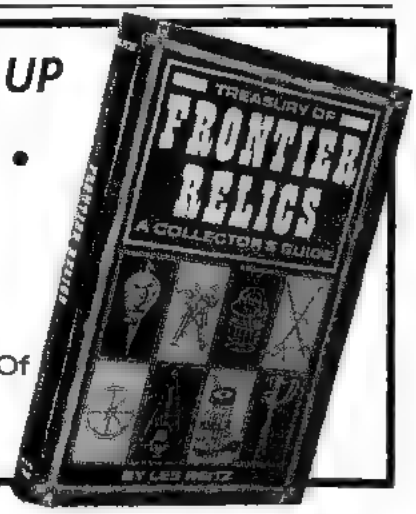

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Frank Woolley's Last Journey

(Continued from page 19)

the train and asked if he had any information concerning Frank.

At this point, Mrs. Burton burst into tears and rushed into the station. The man, whose name was Aiken, told Edwin the following story:

After leaving the camp on the Mojave where the horses were lost, Frank had ridden to Martin's Station in Cajon Pass where he spent the night. The next day he went on to San Bernardino and interviewed the man from whom the horses had been purchased, but could find no trace of them. However, he did learn that the previous summer the horses had been pastured at a hay ranch at the head of the Mojave. Frank thought it possible that the horses had returned to the ranch, and he decided to investigate the area.

He returned to Martin's Station where he spent the night. The next morning, after obtaining fresh supplies from Martin, he pushed on toward the ranch. When several days had passed and Frank had not returned, Martin determined to search for him at the earliest possible moment.

Aiken and his teamsters had arrived at the station the next morning. They were in a hurry to reach their destination and were not inclined to take time to search for one missing man, but Martin finally persuaded them to look for Woolley at the ranch. In return he would give them oats for their teams. When the party arrived at the ranch, it took very little searching to discover the remains of Franklin Woolley.

It seemed evident that Woolley had reached his destination the first day. Frank probably had lain down and dropped off to sleep against a stack of hay—only to be awakened by a group of fifteen or twenty Indians.

As Frank Woolley was unarmed—neither he nor his brother carried guns—he had no means of defending himself. From signs found by the teamsters, Woolley attempted to break through the ring of hostile savages surrounding him, but he had run only a few steps before he was brought down by several arrows.

After killing Woolley, the Indians stripped the clothing from his body, cut the throat of the mule he had been riding, and killed nine head of horses which were at the ranch. They then fled to the mountains.

The previous year a party of men who had been employed to put up hay at the ranch had killed three Indians and, decapitating them, had placed their heads on fence posts. Because of this barbarous act, the tribe had sworn that white men should never again occupy the place. It was for this reason that the Indians had murdered Frank Woolley when they found him sleeping at the ranch.

THE TEAMSTERS took Woolley's remains back to Martin's Station where they were buried. And here should have ended the journey of Frank Woolley. But upon hearing the story, Edwin immediately determined to recover the remains of his brother, take them to San Bernardino and, after having them properly prepared, carry them across the desert to the waiting family. Unfortunately though, he was completely without funds.

Edwin confided his plan to Aiken and told him of his plight. To his disappointment, Aiken was unable to help, for he was penniless also. However, Aiken did tell him of a man, traveling with the teamsters, who had let slip the information that he was carrying $1,500. The man, a Mr. Durkee, was sympathetic to Woolley's plight and lent him the money.

After borrowing a wagon and team, Woolley took his brother's body to San Bernardino, where a zinc casket was provided. Then began the last journey of Franklin Woolley.

After leaving San Bernardino, Edwin returned to Martin's Station. Here he was joined by the owner of the borrowed wagon, an old Italian on his way to San Francisco, who agreed to ride with Woolley to the trails' fork where Edwin's own wagon awaited him. There they would separate. Woolley was to take half the team to draw his precious cargo across the desert to St. George. The owner would use the other half to return to Martin's Station—there to await the return of the horses Edwin Woolley borrowed.

Now the brother faced an almost impossible task. Alone, once more without funds, unarmed, using only part of a team, he had to make his way across nearly 300 miles of desert. There were only six places along the trail he chose where water could be obtained, and even this water was often brackish and unpalatable.

Edwin Woolley, however, was a stubborn man. He had great faith in his own power and in the power of One greater than man. And so, ignoring the fears of the owner of the wagon, he started across the desert.

The heat during the day was so terrible—often reaching temperatures of more than 100 degrees—that Woolley was forced to travel at night. As the team was barely able to draw the heavy wagon through the sand and the loose soil of the desert, Woolley was forced to drive slowly, letting the horses pick their way. Often the team would struggle a whole night and proceed only a few miles.

Woolley had completed about two-thirds of his journey when he met the old prospector bound for White Pine. The old man was riding a mule and leading a second which was carrying his equipment.

Woolley persuaded the old man to aid him in his task. The mules were unpacked and harnessed to the wagon, the packs were loaded beside the casket, and the pair continued their journey toward St. George.

In the meantime, the company freight train had reached St. George. The teamsters knew nothing of the whereabouts of the Woolley brothers. They knew only that Frank had gone back from the Mojave to look for the lost horses, and that Edwin had waited at the fork for his brother to return.

After several days had passed without any news being received, telegrams were sent to Salt Lake City and from there to San Francisco, asking for information regarding the missing men. None was obtainable.

Several more days elapsed, still with no word, and the town council decided to send out a search party with orders to follow the trail as far as California,

RAYMOND W. THORP
Died September 9, 1966

This news was received as we went to press. Please see Frontier Post in the January Frontier Times for further details.

if necessary, and to find the missing men at all cost. This party had traveled only fifteen miles from St. George when it met Woolley driving the wagon which bore his brother's remains.

Except for a story told by the old prospector years later, very little is known about this agonizing journey and the hardships involved. Edwin always refused to discuss the subject and would only say, "Our Father was with me."

Miracles of the Old-Time Medicine Men

(Continued from page 22)

men to place, pushed to one side with the four individual rocks still on top, the robe which had covered the pit neatly folded on these, and the ropes and bowstrings which had bound White Bull arranged on the robe.

AMONG THE people who did not believe in medicine men, perhaps the greatest doubter or dissenter was Crow King, a prominent leader of the Hunkpapa Sioux.

In the beginning, Crow King had been a firm believer in the good that medicine men could accomplish. In this belief he had impoverished himself by hiring some of them to cure his brother of that common Indian scourge, tuberculosis.

In all probability, if they had been honest with him and had let him know that his brother was suffering with what was then an incurable disease, Crow King would have remained an adherent. But each, in turn, had practiced his specialty and, then pronouncing his brother cured or stating that he would be healthy within a short space of time, had departed with a stiff fee levied on (what was then) the plentiful horse herd of Crow King.

The latter had been one of the wealthy men of the Hunkpapa division of Sioux. With the passage of time and from a succession of medicine men who had been called in from far and wide, his wealth had departed with them and his brother had grown steadily worse.

Shortly after his brother's death, the disconsolate Crow King conceived a plan for revenge on the men who had betrayed and impoverished him. Building a great lodge, he sent out personal invitations to all medicine men close enough to attend, whether or not they had taken part in the double crime of assisting his brother's demise and bankrupting himself under false pretenses. The occasion was to be on the order of a convention for medicine men, with a great feast and outstanding entertainment guaranteed to be different from anything they had ever seen or heard before.

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Crow King personally welcomed the guests and directed them to their places within the lodge. A roaring fire was in the center of the lodge with many aromatic and mouth-watering odors wafting past their quivering and expectant nostrils.

When all had arrived who could be expected in the length of time allowed for their attendance, Crow King rose to make his welcoming address. He extolled the many virtues of those present, relating their deeds of great accomplishment. After the visitors were properly flattered and at ease, Crow King went among

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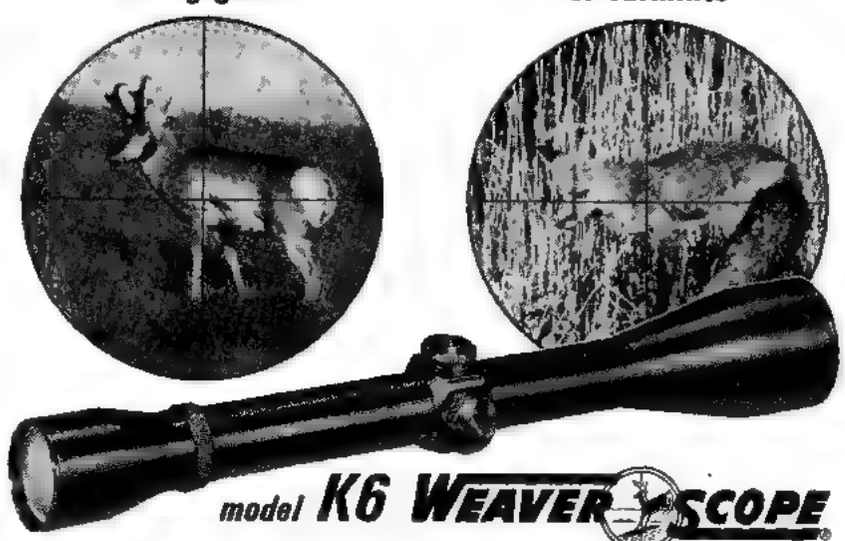

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them, courteously requesting to see the amulets or charms which had made their powers so outstanding.

Evidently without suspicion, each doctor yielded to his request. After he had made the rounds of all present, Crow King strode to the center of the lodge. Pausing there briefly and dramatically, for all to see, he quickly threw all of the helper aids into the roaring fire.

Perhaps it was the sudden shock, the daring of Crow King, or maybe because their powers had been taken away, but not a hand was raised. Crow King did not wither away, become infested with running sores or gaping, horrible wounds. Quite to the contrary, nothing out of the ordinary happened. This might have been even more terrible to the onlookers. Here were all of the miracle doctors defied by one man to do their worst and nothing was happening!

Crow King next proceeded to the main business of the meeting. He reminded the medicine men of their empty services to his brother and how they had relieved him of his wealth under false representation. He challenged them that if they really possessed the powers they had so often boasted, now was the time to demonstrate on him, while he was standing before them. He invited them to do their worst, or their best, either singly or in concert.

Crow King had only one reservation—that any course they might choose, either physically or spiritually, must be made face to face with him. He was ready to defend himself in any and in every way, then or in the future. If they wished to leave, they were free to do so. If they wished to stay and partake of the feast prepared for them, that also was up to them.

Some feel that Crow King's attitude of scorn toward medicine men and any course of action they might take was the death knell of native doctors and their claim of supernatural assistance. But it is more likely that the extinction of the buffalo and the passing of the ancient nomadic way of life spelled the end for the native doctor, or medicine man. Confinement to reservations brought the Indian into contact with the scientifically trained physician. Progress was slow at first, but progress was made until the Indians had almost forgotten the old-time miracle healing.

Around the turn of the present century, a reporter inquired of a surviving member of the old way of life as to why there were no more native doctors who could create miracles. The old-timer answered that the younger generation no longer believed. They hadn't enough faith in the old way of life for the creation of miracles.

It would seem that the same thing has been said often enough in other languages, of other civilizations.

Author's Note: For those who would like to pursue this subject further, see

North Dakota Historical Quarterly, October, 1928.
Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales, University of Nebraska Press, George Bird Grinnell.
Yellow Wolf, Caxton Printers, L. C. McWhorter.
Cheyenne Indians, originally two volumes, George Bird Grinnell.
My Friend, the Indian, Houghton-Mifflin Co., James McLaughlin.
American, Frank B. Linderman, World Book Company.
The Missouri, Stanley Vestal, Rinehart and Company
Assiniboines, James Larpenteur Long, University of Oklahoma Press.
Crow Indians, Robert H. Lowie, Rinehart and Company.

Pai Pai Deceit

(Continued from page 41)

way was dangerous. Finally, to be on the move seemed better than waiting in an unfriendly settlement and the sooner I could find out what had happened to Manuel or what was going to happen to me, the better.

On the edge of the clearing we picked up fresh tracks and I began to feel a little better. Maybe Quai Tano had lived up to his promise, and maybe Manuel really had been delayed because of a lost horse. For a while I relaxed a bit, then as we got into heavier growth and the tracks were harder to follow I grew more tense.

At the edge of a small stream the tracks stopped. It looked planned, an old trick of going up or down a stream bed so that no one could follow. Before I realized what was happening, Chief Sanchos put his horse into the stream and crossed, with me following. Somehow when we reached the other bank the Chief was behind me and we were headed into unbroken chaparral. Without a second thought I pulled my gun and swung around in the saddle to face Sanchos, standing up in the stirrups and leaning toward me with knife blade gleaming.

"We go back!" was all I said as I held my gun on him.

BACK ON the other side of the stream I ordered the Chief to dismount and stack up a mound of brush which I set afire. Dark smoke from the green and dry growth whirled up and discolored the sky. We waited.

There was no way for me to judge time. We were so quiet that the birds came back and moved about without suspicion. I hoped the signal would be seen by Manuel if he were still alive. As I began to wonder how much longer I should stay there, the sound came of horses splashing in the stream and hoofs striking rock. More Indians? If so, there would be nothing to do but shoot and try to escape.

When Quai Tano and Manuel rode into sight I wanted to shout for joy, but even at a distance I could tell that there had been trouble. A bloodstained bandage on Manuel's arm was more obvious than the bloody pants leg of Quai Tano. I could tell that Manuel was angry even before he spoke.

"That doublecrossing Quai Tano told his father I want to buy a mine. He delays and makes excuses. Last night someone try to get me, only I'm too fast. Just got my arm. This morning he say we go to the mine."

Manuel reached into his pocket and handed me a sample of copper ore. "Doublecrossing Indian tried to tell me it was the same as the rock he showed us at the jail. Then he says he kept his word and doesn't owe any more!"

Manuel turned to the Chief and spat, "Your son no good—liar, thief. His word no good!"

Chief Jose spoke to his son in a language unfamiliar to either Manuel or me, and when Quai Tano only shook his head, the father asked Manuel in Mexican

why he said bad things about his son.

"You going to tell him?" Manuel asked Quai Tano.

There was no reply so Manuel explained the situation to the waiting father. Chief Sanchos suddenly burst into angry statements aimed at his drooping son and then he turned to us, "Gold bring trouble to Pai Pai. Long time ago curse of death fall on any Pai that go where gold found. He keep promise, tell you how to find gold, he not go with you."

Manuel was muttering about believing an Indian, but accepted the offer of directions. We had to trust the Chief, for nothing would be gained by pushing Quai Tano against his fear of a curse.

Night would soon put us in more danger and we would be better off moving toward the area pointed out by the Indian, even though it was directly opposite from where he had led Manuel that morning.

We were a couple of tired men as we made camp that night. From all appearances we were no closer to the rich gold deposit than we had been in El Alamo. And we were far from being out of danger even though the Chief had assured us no one would bother our mining operations.

THE NEXT DAY we found Quai Tano's "much gold" in a cave just as he had described it. A quartz wall was embedded with gold nuggets of all sizes. We worked fast and long hours hoping to get a good load to haul out before the Indians changed their minds. It quickly became obvious that this was a rich pocket and that when it was worked out, there would be no object in staying longer.

As our supplies dwindled, the ore built up until each animal had all they could pack out on the steep rocky trail.

It was a long hard trip back to El Alamo and we really never felt safe until we were in sight of the town. A few days' rest and we felt that the trip had been well worth the hazards. Five thousand dollars in gold ore in the early 1900s was a fortune and well worth the risk of your life.

There was still the long trip through desert and mountains to the United States where we would get full value for our find. Considering what we had just been through, the move to the border would just be play, and Manuel's family in Mexicali would handle the sale.

It was decided that Manuel would go first with his half of the gold and work out all the arrangements. Being a native his chances of avoiding bandits were far better than mine. What we didn't know was that the Revolution had spilled over into Lower California from Sonora.

Manuel was taken prisoner within a half mile of Mexicali and held as a spy. His gold was confiscated and only through the help of friends did he escape with his life.

Through the years I have been in and out of the Pai Pai country many times, but now I search for rare gems. Last year I was in the area of the old Rancho Dolores hunting crystals. The country stays much the same but many of the *ranchos* have vanished. Buildings which once sheltered large families now lean sadly, and windows are only gaping holes.

At seventy-five I still enjoy the unmapped mountains and narrow trails. There is still the excitement of adventure when I'm far down in the tip of Mexico's Lower California, for the people there have changed but little.

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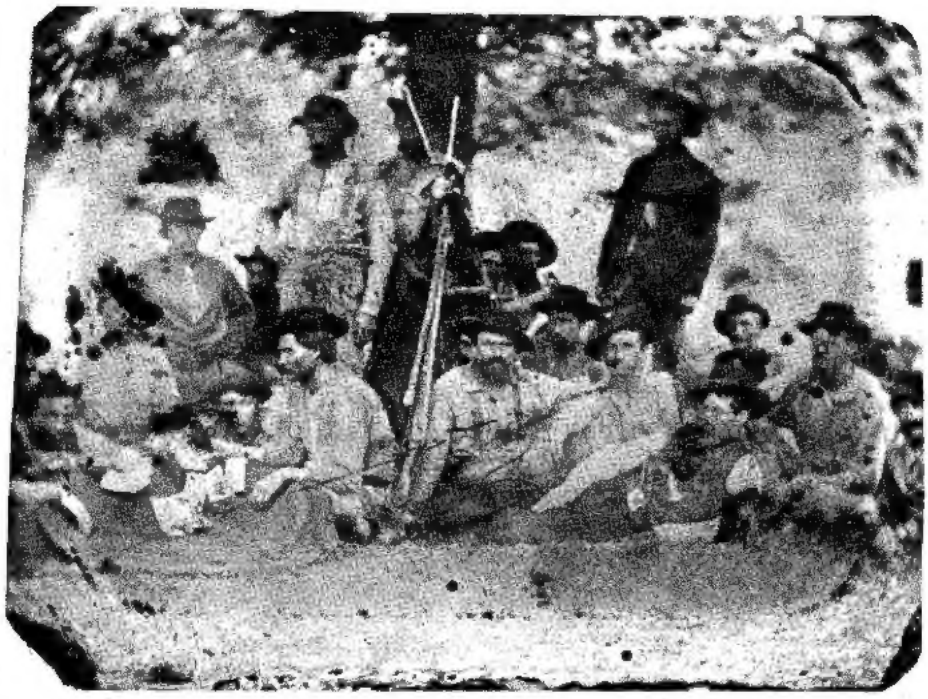

The figures in this early tintype are unidentified, but are believed to be a group of Union cavalrymen of the Civil War period.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 49)

Museum on the S.F.A. College Campus.

Mr. Millard told me that a "tourist" came by while they were tearing the original building down and found a lead slug or ball in the woodwork and wanted to buy it for a souvenir. Mr. Millard told him he could have it for fifty cents. He also told me that from then on he was hard pressed to find enough time to hide souvenirs where the dudes would be sure to find them without getting in the way of his workmen.

When they took up the floor they found several gold U.S. coins that must be worth a great deal today. The Perkins brothers paid Mr. Millard one dollar plus all salvage to raze the building and clear the site. The mahogany mantlepieces inside the fort were almost priceless.—Paul R. Perkins, Jr., 1201 17th Street, Galena Park, Texas.

Safety in Numbers

Dear Sirs:

We never miss an issue of your magazines. We love them. We would like to read some stories about Butler County, Iowa. My great-grandfather with all his brothers and sisters and families settled near Dumont and Bristow about 1851 to 1853. John settled in a section of land named Boylands Grove. It is said they claimed the land in their names and any other relatives, present or not. Thus they had about 1,000 acres. With such a large family no one questioned them.

They left there about 1880 bound first for Kansas and then to Oregon. Anyone living in that area who would write me, I'd love to hear from them and will surely answer all correspondance.—Mrs. Sylvia Glass, P. O. Box 016, Burbank, Washington 99323.

Need to Locate Someone in Oregon?

Dear Sir:

I propose to set up a writer's and reader's research service here in the capital city of Oregon, destination of so many American wagontrain immigrants of the 1800s. I feel this could be an invaluable service to someone preparing a story for publication or simply trying to fill in data in the family tree.

No one will be obligated to me in any way for initial inquiries. Any service fees will be based on how much time and effort is involved and expenses incurred. These will be clearly estimated, and no action taken until I have in my possession authorization in the form of a letter to proceed.

However, I would like very much to restrict my services to the State of Oregon and to those persons looking for lost ones between the years 1843 and 1900. After 1900, records become more complex, and expenses can become prohibitive.

If you'd be so kind as to place this letter in your letters section, I would be most grateful. This would, by the response of your readers, give me an opportunity to find out if a service of this kind is needed.—Patrick Hall, 2625 Park Avenue, N. E., Salem, Oregon 97303.

Group "Pitcher"

Dear "Hosstail":

Have been readin' yo're turrible rags nigh onto four y'ars now, and durned if I kin find ennything to bellyache about in the way y'all are ramroddin' yo're spread.

Enclosed is a photograph of an old-timey tintype. As yo' kin see, the subject is of a passel o'real hardcases. I should calculate that the picture was made some 'eres along in the Sixties, and my guess is that this choice collection of bewhiskered gents war not cowhands, road agents nor rustlers, but war part of a band of guerillas, prob'ly operatin' on the Kansas-Missouri border. Note the stacked rifles with bayonets attached, saddlebags, old-timey playin' cairds and square-toed cowboy boots.

'Pears to me that some'eres I've seen a picture of that ornery lookin' gent in the foreground, the one with the hand right handy to the rifle butt, but cussed if I kin name him.

Mebbeso some of yo're readers kin recognize some of this band o'riders. Might be that these are pictures of somebuddie's gran'daddy or great-uncle Lem. —Pat Fanning, 1827 N. Screenland Drive, Burbank, California 91505.

It's Good To Be Needed!

Hi, Joe:

I just want to tell you that your magazines are wonderful. They fulfill an important mission in our home. I wouldn't be surprised if they might be the means of my wife and I living together for quite some time yet, because every time one arrives, I can keep out of her hair at least as long at it takes to read it from cover to cover. I think she likes that.—Jim Barkes, Vice-President National Reserve Life Insurance Company, Topeka, Kansas.

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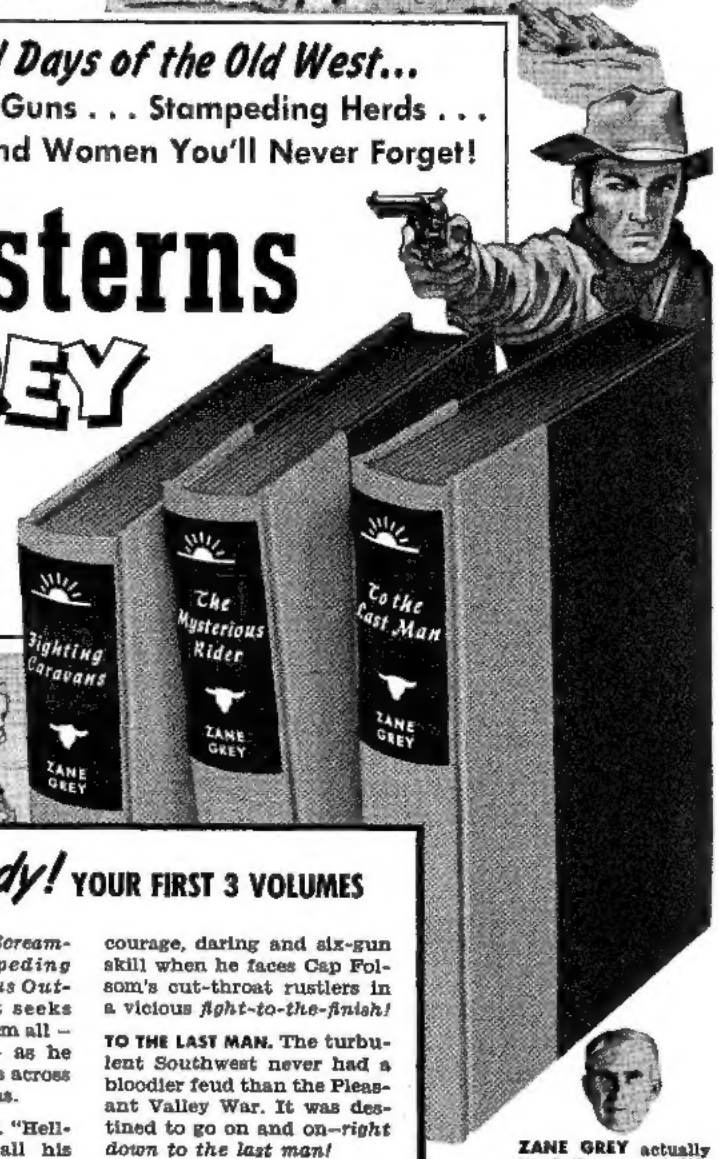

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